# THE HEIRE.

## A COMEDIE.

As it was Acted by the Company of the Revels.

1620.

Written by *T. M.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Auguſtine Mathewes*, for *Thomas Iones*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in S. *Dunſtans* Church-yard in Fleetſtreet.
1633.

# COWEDIE

V

# HEIRE

THE

# TO MY HONOVRED friend, Maſter *Thomas May*, upon his Comedy, *The Heire.*

*The Heire being borne, was in his tender age*
*Rockt in the Cradle of a private Stage,*
*Where lifted up by many a willing hand,*
*The child did from the firſt day fairely ſtand.*
*Since having gather'd ſtrength, he dares preferre*
*His ſteps into the publike Theater*
*The World: where he diſpaires not but to find*
*A doome from men more able, not leſſe kind.*
*I but his Vſher am, yet if my word*
*May paſſe, I dare be bound he will afford*
*Things muſt deſerve a welcome, if well knowne*
*Such as beſt writers would have wiſht their owne.*
*You ſhall obſerve his words in order meete*
*And ſoftly ſtealing on with equall feete*
*Slide into even numbers, with ſuch grace*
*As each word had beene moulded for that place.*
*You ſhall perceive an amorous paſſion, ſpunne*
*Into ſo ſmooth a web, as had the Sunne*
*When he purſu'd the ſwiftly flying Maid,*
*Courted her in ſuch language, ſhe had ſtaid,*
*A love ſo well expreſt muſt be the ſame*
*The Authour felt himſelfe from his fayre flame.*
*The whole plot doth alike it ſelfe diſcloſe*
*Through the five Acts, as doth a Locke, that goes*
*With letters, for till every one be knowne,*
*The Lock's as faſt as if you had found none.*
*And where his ſportive Muſe doth draw a thread*
*Of mirth, chaſt Matrons may not bluſh to reade.*

*Thus have I thought it fitter to reveale*
*My want of art (deare friend) then to conceale*
*My love. It did appeare I did not meane*
*So to commend thy well-wrought Comicke-ſcene,*
*As men might judge my aime rather to be,*
*To gaine praiſe to my ſelfe, then give it thee;*
*Though I can give thee none, but what thou haſt*
*Deſerv'd, and what muſt my faint breath outlaſt.*
*Yet was this garment (though I skilleſſe be*
*To take thy meaſure) onely made for thee,*
*And if it prove too ſcant, 'tis cauſe the ſtuffe*
*Nature allow'd me was not large enough.*

Thomas Carew.

# The Names of the Actors.

Vitro, *An old rich Count,*
Polimetes, *An old Lord.*
Eugenio, *His sonne.*
Leucothoë, *His daughter.*
Roscio, *His man.*
Euphues, *Another Lord.*
Philocles, *His sonne.*
Clerimont, *A gentleman friend to* Philocles.
Franklin, *An old rich gentleman.*
Luce, *His daughter.*
Francisco, *A young man.*
Shallow, *A foolish gentleman.*
Nicanor, *A Courtier.*
Matho, *A Lawyer.*
Pfecas, *A waiting Gentlewoman.*
A Parson.
A Sumner.
A Constable and Watch.
Servants.

## Prologus.

*Iudicious friends, if what shall here be seene*
*May taste your sense, or ope your tickled spleene;*
*Our Authour has his wish, he does not meane*
*To rub your galles with a satyricke scene,*
*Nor toyle your braines, to finde the fustian sense*
*Of those poore lines, that cannot recompence*
*The paines of study; Comedies soft straine*
*Should not perplexe, but recreate the braine;*
*His straine is such, he hopes it, but referres*
*That to the Test of your judicious eares.*

AN

# A COMEDIE CALLED
## *THE HEIRE.*

Enter *Polimetes*, *Roſcio*.

*Pol* ROſcio. *Ro.* My Lord.
*Pol.* Haſt thou divulg'd the newes
That my ſonne dy'd at Athens?
*Ro.* Yes my Lord.
With every circumſtance, the time, the place,
And manner of his death; that 'tis believ'd,
And told for newes with as much confidence
As if 'twere writ in Gallobelgicus.
*Pol.* That's well, that's very well, now *Roſcio*
Followes my part, I muſt expreſſe a griefe
Not uſuall, not like a well left Heire
For his dead father, or a luſty Widdow
For her old husband, muſt I counterfeir,
But in a deeper, a farre deeper ſtraine
Weepe like a father for his onely ſonne,
Is not that hard to doe, ha, *Roſcio?*
*Ro.* Oh no my Lord,
Not for your skill, has not your Lordſhip ſeene
A Player perſonate *Hieronimo?*
*Po.* By th'maſſe tis true, I have ſeen the knave paint griefe
In ſuch a lively colour, that for falſe
And acted paſſion he has drawne true teares
From the ſpectators, Ladies in the boxes
Kept time with ſighs, and teares to his ſad accents
As had he truely been the man he ſeem'd.
Well then Ile nere deſpaire, but tell me thou
Thou that haſt ſtill been privie to my boſome,

How will this project take?

*Ros.* Rarely my Lord,
Even now mee thinkes, I ſee your Lordſhips houſe
Haunted with ſuitors of the nobleſt ranke,
And my young Lady your ſuppoſed Heire
Tir'd more with woing then the Grecian Queene
In the long abſence of her wandring Lord,
There's not a ruinous Nobility
In all this kingdome, but conceives a hope
Now to rebuild his fortunes on this match.

*Pol.* Thoſe are not they I looke for, no, my nets
Are ſpread for other game, the rich and greedy
Thoſe that have wealth enough, yet gape for more
They are for me. *Ros.* Others will come my Lord,
All ſorts of fiſh will preſſe upon your nets,
Then in your Lordſhips wiſedome it muſt lie
To cull the great ones, and reject the frie.

*Pol.* Nay feare not that, ther's none ſhall have acceſſe
To ſee my daughter, or to ſpeake to her,
But ſuch as I approove, and aime to catch.

*Ros.* The jeſt will be my Lord, when you ſhall ſee
How your aſpiring ſuitors will put on
The face of greatneſſe, and bely their fortunes,
Conſume themſelves in ſhew, waſting like Merchants
Their preſent wealth in rigging a faire ſhip
For ſome i'l ventur'd voyage, that undoes um.
Here comes a youth with letters from the court,
Bought of ſome favourite at ſuch a price
As will for ever ſinke him, yet alas
All's to no purpoſe, he muſt looſe the prize.

*Pol.* 'Twill feede me fat with ſport that it ſhall make,
Beſides the large adventures it brings home
Vnto my daughter. How now. Enter *Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord, Count *Virro* is come to ſee you.

*Pol.* Conduct him in; So, ſo, it takes already
See *Roſcio* ſee, this is the very man
My project aim'd at, the rich Count that knowes

No

No end of his large wealth, yet gapes for more.
There was no other Loadſtone could attract
His Iron heart; for could beauty have mov'd him,
Nature has beene no niggard to my girle,
But I muſt to my griefe, here comes the Count.

Enter *Count Virro.*

*Vir.* Is your Lord a ſleepe? *Ro.* No Sir,
I thinke not, my Lord, Count *Virro.*

*Vir.* How doe you Sir?

*Pol.* I doe intreate your Lordſhip pardon mee, griefe and ſome want of ſleepe have made mee at this time unmannerly, not fit to entertaine gueſts of your worth.

*Vir.* Alas Sir I know your griefe.

*Ro.* 'Twas that that fetcht you hither. *aſide.*

*Vir.* Y'have loſt a worthy and a hopefull ſonne,
But heaven that always gives, will ſomtimes take
And that the beſt, there is no balſome left us
To cure ſuch wounds as theſe but patience,
There is no diſputing with the acts of heaven,
But if there were, in what could you accuſe
Thoſe Powers that els have bin ſo liberall to you,
And left you yet one comfort in your age:
A faire and vertuous daughter.

*Ro.* Now it beginnes.

*Vir.* Your blood is not extinct, nor your age childleſſe,
From that faire branch that's left may come much fruit
To glad poſterity, thinke on that my Lord.

*Pol.* Nay heaven forbid I ſhould repine at what the juſtice of thoſe Powers ordaine, it has pleas'd them to confine my care onely to one, and to ſee her well beſtow'd is all the comfort I now muſt looke for, but if it had pleas'd heaven that my ſonne, ah my *Eugenio.* *he weepes.*

*Vir.* Alas good Gentleman.

*Roſ.* 'Fore heaven he does it rarely.

*Vir.* But Sir, remember your ſelfe, remember your daughter, let not your griefe for the dead make you forget

the living, whoſe hopes, and fortunes depend upon your ſafety.

*Pol.* Oh my good Lord, you never had a ſonne.

*Roſ.* Vnleſſe they were baſtards, and for them no doubt but he has done as other Lords doe.

*Pol.* And therefore cannot tell what tis to loſe a ſon, a good ſonne, and an onely ſonne.

*Vir.* I would, my Lord, I could as well redreſſe
As I can take compaſsion of your griefe,
You ſhould ſoone finde an eaſe.

*Pol.* Pray pardon me my Lord, if I forget my ſelfe toward you at this time, if it pleaſe you viſite my houſe ofter you ſhall be welcome.

*Vir.* You would faine ſleep my Lord, Ile take my leave; heaven ſend you comfort, I ſhall make bold ſhortly to viſite you.

*Pol.* You ſhall be wondrous welcome,
Waite on my Lord out there. *exit Virro.*
So now he's gone, how thinkeſt thou *Roſcio*,
Will not this Gudgeon bite?

*Roſ.* No doubt my Lord,
So faire a baite would catch a cunning fiſh.

*Pol.* And ſuch a one is he, he ever lov'd
The beauty of my girle, but that's not it
Can draw the earth bred thoughts of his groſſe ſoule
Gold is the God of his Idolatry,
With hope of which Ile feede him, till at length
I make him faſten, and *Ixion* like
For his lov'd *Iuno* graſpe in empty cloud.

*Roſ.* How ſtands my young Lady affected to him?

*Pol.* There's all the difficultie, wee muſt winne her to love him, I doubt the peeviſh girle will thinke him too old, hee's well neere fifty: In this buſineſſe I muſt leave ſomewhat to thy wit and care, praiſe him beyond all meaſure.

*Roſ.* Your Lordſhip ever found me truſty.

*Pol.* If thou effect it, I will make thee happy. *exeunt.*

Enter

Enter *Philocles, Clerimont.*

*Phi. Eugenia's* ſiſter then is the rich heire
By his deceaſe. *Cler.* Yes, and the faire one too,
She needes no gloſſe that fortune can ſet on her,
Her beauty of it ſelfe were prize enough
To make a King turne begger for. *Phil.* Hoy day
What in love *Clerimont*, I lay my life tis ſo,
Thou couldſt not praiſe her with ſuch paſſion elſe.
*Cler.* I know not, I ſlept well enough laſt night,
But if thou ſawſt her once, I would not give
A farthing for thy life, I tell thee *Philocles*
One ſight of her would make thee cry, ay me,
Sigh, and looke pale, me thinkes I doe imagine
How like an Idolatrous lover thou wouldſt looke
Through the eye-lids, know no body.
*Phi.* Tis very well, but how did your worſhip ſcape
You have ſeene her. *Cler.* True, but I have an
Antidote, and I can teach it thee. *Phi.* When
I have need on't, Ile deſire it. *Cler.* And twill
Be worth thy learning, when thou ſhalt ſee the
Tyranny of that ſame ſcurvy boy, and what fooles
He makes of us; ſhall I deſcribe the beaſt?
*Phil.* What beaſt? *Cler.* A lover. *Phi.* Doe.
*Cler.* Then to be briefe, I will paſſe over the opinion of your ancient fathers, as likewiſe thoſe ſtrange Loves ſpoken of in the authentike hiſtories of Chivalrie, *Amadis de Gaule*, *Pariſmus*, the Knight of the Sunne, or the witty Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, where thoſe brave men whom neither Enchantments, Gyants, Wind-mills, nor flockes of ſheepe could vanquiſh, are made the trophees of triumphing love. *Phi.* Prithee come to the matter.
*Cler.* Neither will I mention the complaints of Sir *Guy* for the faire *Phelis*, nor the travels of *Pariſmus* for the love of the beautious *Laurana*, nor laſtly, the moſt ſad penance of the ingenious knight *Don Quixot* upon the mountaines of *Scienna Morenna*, moved by the unjuſt diſdaine of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, as for our moderne Authours, I

will not so much as name them, no not that excellent treatise of *Tullies* Love, written by the Master of Art.

*Phi.* I would thou wouldst passe over this passing over of Authors, and speake thine owne judgement.

*Cler.* Why then to be briefe, I thinke a Lover lookes like an Asse.

*Phi.* I can describe him better then so my selfe, hee lookes like a man that had sitten up at Cards all night, or a stale Drunkard wakened in the middst of his sleepe.

*Cle.* But *Philocles*, I would not have thee see this Lady, she has a bewitching looke.

*Phi.* How dar'st thou venture man, what strange medicine hast thou found, *Ovid* nere taught it thee, I doubt I guesse thy remedy, for love, goe to a bawdy house, or so, is't not?

*Cler.* Faith, and that's a good way I can tell you, wee younger brothers are beholding to it, alas wee must not fall in love and choose whom wee like best, wee have no Ioyntures for um, as you blest heires can have.

*Phil.* Well I have found you sir, and prithee tell mee, how get'st thou wenches?

*Cler.* Why I can want no Panders, I lye in the Constables house. *Phi.* And there you may whore by authority
But *Clerimont*, I doubt this Paragon
That thou so praisest, is some ill favoured Wench
Whom thou wouldst have me laugh at for commending.

*Cler.* Beleev't I spoke in earnest, trust your eyes,
Ile shew you her. *Phi.* How canst thou doe it?
Thou know'st this Ladies father is to mine
A deadly enemy, nor is his house
Open to any of our kindred. *Cler.* That's no matter,
My lodging's the next doore to this Lords house,
And my backe window lookes into his garden,
There every morning faire *Leucothoe*,
(For so I heare her nam'd) walking alone,
To please her senses, makes *Aurora* blush,
To see one brighter then her selfe appeare.

*Phil.* Well I will see her then. *exeunt.*

Enter

Enter *Franklin*, *Franciſco*, *Luce* gravida.

*Franc.* Yet for her ſake be aduiſed better ſir.

*Frank.* Impudent Raſcall, canſt looke me i'th face, and know how thou haſt wrong'd me, thou haſt diſhonoured my daughter, maide a whore of her.

*Franc.* Gentle ſir,
The wrong my love has made to your faire daughter
Tis now too late to wiſh undone againe,
But if you pleaſe, it may be yet clos'd up
Without diſhonour, I will marry her.

*Frank.* Marry her, ſhe has a hot catch of that, marry a beggar, what *Ioynture* canſt thou make her?

*Franc.* Sir *I* am poore *I* muſt confeſſe,
Fortune has bleſt you better, but *I* ſweare
By all things that can bind, twas not your wealth
Was the foundation of my true built love,
It was her ſingle uncompounded ſelfe,
Her ſelfe without addition that I lov'd,
Which ſhall for ever in my ſight outweigh
All other vvomens fortunes, and themſelves,
And were I great, as great as *I* could wiſh
My ſelfe for her advancement, no ſuch barre
As Fortunes inequality ſhould ſtand
Betwixt our loves.

*Luce.* Good father heare me.

*Frank.* Doſt thou not bluſh to call me father, ſtrumpet Ile make thee an example.

*Luce.* But heare me ſir,
My ſhame will be your owne.

*Frank.* No more I ſay, *Franciſco* leave my houſe, I charge you come not here.

*Franc.* I muſt obey and vvill, deare *Luce* be conſtant.

*Luce.* Till death. *exit Franciſco.*

*Frank.* Here's a fine vvedding tovvards, the Bridegroome vvhen he comes for his bride,

Shall

Shall find her great with child by another man,
Paſsion a me minion, how have you hid it ſo long?

*Luc.* Fearing your anger Sir, I ſtriv'd to hide it.

*Franc.* Hide it one day more then, or be damn'd.
Hide it till *Shallow* be marryed to thee,
And then let him doe his worſt.

*Lu.* Sir I ſhould too much wrong him.

*Frank.* Wrong him, there be great Ladies have done the like, tis no newes to ſee a bride with child.

*Lu.* Good Sir.

*Frank.* Then be wiſe, lay the child to him, hee's a rich man, tother's a beggar. *Lu.* I dare not Sir.

*Frank.* Doe it I ſay, and he ſhall father it.

*Lu.* He knowes he never touch'd me Sir.

*Frank.* That's all one, lay it to him, weele out face him tis his: but hearke, he is comming, I heare the Muſicke, ſweare thou wilt doe thy beſt to make him thinke tis his, onely for this time, ſweare quickely. *Lu.* I doe.

*Frank.* Goe ſtep aſide, and come when thy que is, thou ſhalt heare us talke. *Luce aſide*

Enter *Shallow with muſicke.*

*Sha.* Morrow Father.

*Frank.* Sonne bridegroome welcome, you have beene lookt for here.

*Sha.* My Tayler a little diſappointed mee, but is my Bride ready?

*Frank.* Yes long ago, but you and I will talke a little, ſend in your Muſicke.

*Sha.* Goe waite within, and tell me father, did ſhe not thinke it long till I came?

*Frank.* I warrant her ſhe did, ſhe loves you not a little.

*Sha.* Nay that I dare ſweare, ſhee has given me many taſts of her affection.

*Frank.* What before you were marryed?

*Sha.* I meane, in the way of honeſty father.

*Frank.* Nay that I doubt, young wits love to bee trying, and to ſay truth, I ſee not how a woman can denie

a man

a man of your youth and perſon upon thoſe tearmes, Youle not be knowne on't now.

*Shal.* I have kiſt her or ſo.

*Frank.* Come, come, I know you are no foole, I ſhould thinke you a very Aſſe, nay I tell you plainely, I ſhould be loth to marry my daughter to you if I thought you had not try'd her in ſo long acquaintance, but you have try'd her, and ſhe poore ſoule could not deny you.

*Sha.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Fra.* Faith tel me ſon, tis but a merry queſtion, ſhe's yours

*Sha.* Vpon my virginity father.

*Fran.* Sweare not by that, Ile nere beleeve you.

*Sha.* Why then as I am a gentleman I never did it that I remember.

*Fran.* That you remember, oh is't thereabouts?

*Luc.* Hee'le take it upon him preſently.

*Fran.* You have beene ſo familiar with her, you have forgot the times, but did you never come in halfe fudled, and then in a kind humour, *Catera quis neſcit.*

*Sha.* Indeed I was wont to ſerve my mothers maides ſo when I came halfe foxt as you ſaid, and then next morning I ſhould laugh to my ſelfe.

*Frank.* Why there it goes, I thought to have chid you ſon *Shallow*, I knew what you had done, tis too apparant, I would not have people take notice of it, pray God ſhee hide her great belly as ſhe goes to Church to day.

*Sha.* Why father is ſhe with child?

*Fran.* As if you knew not that, fie, fie, leave your diſſembling now.

*Sha.* Sure it cannot bee mine.

*Fran.* How's this; you would not make my daughter a whore, would you? this is but to try if you can ſtirre my choller, you wits have ſtrange tricks, do things over night when you are merry, and then deny um. But ſtay here ſhe comes alone, ſtep aſide, ſhe ſhall not ſee us. *they ſtep aſide.*

*Lu.* Ah my deare *Shallow*, thou needſt not have made Such haſt, my heart thou knowſt was firme enough

To thee, but I may blame my owne fond love,
That could not deny thee.

*Sha.* She's with child indeed, it ſwells.

*Frank.* You would not beleeve mee, tis a good wench. She does it handſomely. *aſide.*

*Luc.* But yet I know if thou hadſt beene thy ſelfe, thou wouldſt nere have offer'd it, twas drinke that made thee.

*Sha.* Yes ſure, I was drunke when I did it, for I had forgot it, I lay my life twill prove a girle, becauſe twas got in drinke.

*Lu.* I am aſhamed to ſee any body.

*Fran.* Alas poore wretch, goe comfort her, *Luce.*

*Shal.* Sweet heart, nay never be aſham'd, I was a little too haſty, but Ile make thee amends, weele bee marryed preſently.

*Frank.* Be cheery *Luce*, you were man and wife before, it wanted but the ceremony of the Church, and that ſhall be preſently done.

*Sha.* I, I, ſweet-heart, as ſoone as may be.

*Fran.* But now I thinke ont ſonne *Shallow*, your wedding muſt not be publike, as we intended it.

*Sha.* Why ſo?

*Fran.* Becauſe I would not have people take notice of this fault, wee'l goe to church, only we three, the Miniſter & the Clearke, thats witneſſes enough, ſo the time being unknowne, people will thinke you were married before.

*Shal.* But will it ſtand with my worſhip to be married in private?

*Frank.* Yes, yes, the greateſt doe it, when they have beene nibling before hand, there is no other way to ſave your brides credite.

*Shal.* Come lets about it preſently.

*Fran.* This is clos'd up beyond our wiſhes. *exeunt.*

*Manet Luce.*

*Lu.* I am undone, unleſſe thy wit *Franciſco*,
Can finde ſome meanes to free me from this foole,
Who would have thought the ſot could be ſo groſſe

To

To take upon him what he never did,
To his owne ſhame, Ile ſend to my *Franciſca*,
And I muſt looſe no time, for I am dead,
If not deliver'd from this loathed bed.

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## Actus ſecundus.

Enter *Philocles*, *Clerimont* at the window.

*Cler.* SEe *Philocles*, yonder's that happy ſhade,
That often vailes the faire *Leucothoe*,
And this her uſuall houre, ſheele not be long,
Then thou ſhalt tell me, if ſo rare an object
Ere bleſt thine eyes before.
*Phi.* Well, I would ſee her once,
Wer't but to try thy judgement *Clerimont*.
*Cle.* And when thou doſt, remember what I told thee,
I would not be ſo ſicke, but ſoft looke to thy heart,
Yonder ſhe comes, and that's her wayting woman.
*Leucothoe*, and *Pſecas* in the garden.
Now gaze thy fill, ſpeake man, how lik'ſt thou her?
*Leu. Pſecas.* *Pſe.* Madam.
*Leu.* What flower was that,
That thou wert telling ſuch a ſtory of
Laſt night to me.
*Pſe.* 'Tis call'd *Narciſſus* Madam.
It beares the name of that too beautious boy,
That loſt himſelfe by loving of himſelfe,
Who viewing in a faire and cryſtall ſtreame
Thoſe lips that onely hee could never kiſſe
Dotes on the ſhadow, which to reach in vaine
Striving, he drownes, thus ſcorning all beſide
For the lov'd ſhadow the faire ſubſtance dy'd.
*Leu.* Fie, fie, I like not theſe impoſsible tales,
A man to fall in love with his owne ſhadow,
And dye for love, it is moſt ridiculous.

*Pse.* Madam I know not, I have often ſeene
Both men and women court the looking-glaſſe
With ſo much ſeeming contentation,
That I could thinke this true, nay weare it about um
As lovers doe their Miſtreſſe counterfeit.
*Leu.* Thats not for love, but to correct their beauties
And draw from others admiration,
For all the comfort that our faces give
Vnto our ſelves is but reflection
Of that faire liking that another takes
*Cler.* I would we were a little neerer um
We might but heare what talke theſe wenches have
When they are alone, I warrant ſome good ſtuffe.
*Phi,* 'Tis happineſſe enough for me to ſee
The motion of her lips.
*Cler.* I'faith is't thereabouts,
Why *Philocles*, what loſt already mun,
Strooke dead with one poore glance? looke up for ſhame
And tell me how thou likeſt my judgement now,
Now thou doſt ſee.
*Phi.* Ah *Clerimont* too well,
Too well I ſee what I ſhall never taſt,
Yon Ladies beauty: ſhe muſt needes be cruell
(Though her faire ſhape deny it) to the ſonne
Of him that is her fathers enemy,
That, *Clerimont*, that fatall difference
Checkes my deſire, and ſinkes my riſing hopes,
But love's a torrent violent if ſtopt,
And I am deſperately mad: I muſt
I muſt be hers, or elſe I muſt not be.
*Cler.* Containe that paſsion that will elſe orewhelme
All virtue in you, all that is call'd man,
And ſhould be yours, take my advice, my heart,
My life to ſecond you, let us conſult,
You may find time to ſpeake to her and woe her.
*Phi.* Nay, nay I will in ſpight of deſtiny,
Let women and faint hearted fooles complaine

In

In languiſhing deſpaire, a manly love
Dares ſhew it ſelfe and preſſe to his deſires
Through thickeſt troopes of horrid oppoſites,
Were there a thouſand waking Dragons ſet
To keepe that golden fruit: I would attempt
T plucke and taſt it, tis the danger crownes
A brave atchievement: what if I ſhould goe
And boldly woe her in her fathers houſe
In ſpight of enmity, what could they ſay?

*Cle.* Twere madneſſe that not wiſdome: raſh attempts
Betray the meanes, but never worke the end.

*Phi.* She would not hate a man for loving her,
Or if ſhe did, better be once deny'd
Then live for ever hapleſſe.

*Cle.* But take time,
The ſecond thoughts our wiſe men ſay are beſt.

*Phi.* Delay's a double death, no I have thought
A meanes, that ſtraight Ile put in execution,
Ile write a letter to her preſently,
Take how it will.

*Cle.* A Letter, who ſhall carry it?

*Phi.* Ile tell thee when I have done, haſt thou pen and inke in thy Chamber.

*Cle.* Yes, there is one upon the table, Ile ſtay here at the vvindow, and vvatch vvhether ſhe ſtay or not, vvhat a ſuddaine change is this.

*Len.* Did not Count *Virro* promiſe to be here
To day at dinner.

*Pſe.* Yes Madam that he did, and I dare ſvveare
He vvill not breake.

*Len.* He needes not, he is rich enough, unleſſe
He ſhould breake in knavery, as ſome of our Merchants doe novv adaies.

*Pſe.* Breake promiſe Madam I meane, and that he vvil not for your take, you knovv his buſineſſe,

*Len.* I vvould I did not, he might ſpare his paines
And that unuſuall coſt, that he beſtovves

In pranking up himſelfe, and pleaſe me better.
*Pſe.* He would not pleaſe his Tayler and his Barbar,
For they got more for your ſake by their Lord
Then they have got this twenty yeares before.
*Leu.* Ah *Pſecas*, *Pſecas*, can my father thinke
That I can love Count *Virro*, one ſo old
(That were enough to make a match unfit)
But one ſo baſe, a man that never lov'd
For any thing call'd good, but droſſe and pelfe.
One that would never, had my Brother liv'd,
Have mov'd this ſuite, no I can never loue him,
But canſt thou keepe a ſecret firmely *Pſecas*?
*Pſe.* Doubt me not Madam.
*Leu.* Well, Ile tell thee then,
I love, alas, I dare not ſay I love him.
But there's a young and noble Gentleman,
Lord *Euphues* ſonne, my fathers enemy,
A man whom natures prodigality
Stretch'd even to envy in the making up,
Once from a window my pleas'd eye beheld
This youthfull Gallant as hee rode the ſtreet
On a corvetting Courſer, who it ſeem'd
Knew his faire loade, and with a proud diſdaine
Checkt the baſe earth, my father being by,
I ask't his name, he told me *Philocles*,
The ſonne and Heire of his great enemy:
Iudge *Pſecas* then, how my divided breſt
Suffer'd betweene two meeting contraries,
Hatred and Love, but *Love's* a Deity,
And muſt prevaile 'gainſt mortalls, whoſe command
Not *Iove* himſelfe could ever yet withſtand.
*Cler.* What is the letter done already, I ſee theſe Lovers have nimble inventions, but how will you ſend it?
*Phi.* What a queſtion's that, ſeeſt thou this ſtone.
*Cle.* Ah, then I ſee your drift, this ſtone muſt guide
Your fleeting letter in the aire, and carry it
To that faire Marke you aime at.

*Phi.*

*Phi.* Hard by her.

*Cle.* I thinke you would not hit her with ſuch ſtones as this, Lady looke to your ſelfe, now't comes to proefe.

*Phi.* But prithee tell mee, what doeſt thou thinke this Letter may doe?

*Cle.* Well I hope,
Tis ten to one this Lady oft hath ſeene you,
You never liv'd obſcure in Syracuſe,
Nor walk't the ſtreets unknowne, and who can tell
What place you beare in her affections,
Lov'd or miſlik'd; if bad, this letter ſent
Will make her ſhew her ſcorne, if otherwiſe,
Feare not a womans wit; ſheele find a time
To anſwer your kind letter and expreſſe
What you deſire ſhe ſhould, then ſend it boldly,
You have a faire marke there.

*Phi.* *Cupid* guide my arme,
Oh be as juſt blind God as thou art great,
And with that powerfull hand, that golden ſhaft
That I was wounded, wound yon tender breſt,
There is no ſalve but that, no cure for me.

*Cle.* See what a wonder it ſtrikes um in, how it ſhould come.

*Phi.* Shee'l wonder more to ſee what man it comes from.

*Cle.* I like her well, ſhee is not afrayd to open it.
Shee ſtarts, ſtay marke her action when ſhee has read the Letter.

*She reades.*

"LEt it not wrong this Letter that it came
"From one that trembled to ſubſcribe his name,
"Fearing your hate, O let not hate deſcend,
"Nor make you cruell to ſo vow'd a friend.
"If youle not promiſe love, grant but acceſſe,
"And let me know my woes are paſt redreſſe.
"Be juſt then beautious Iudge, and like the Lawes

"Con-

" Condemne me not till you have heard my cauſe,
" Which vvhen you have, from thoſe faire lips returne
" Either my life in love, or death in ſcorne.
Yours or not, *Philocles.*

Am I awake or dreame I, is it true
Or does my flattering fancy but ſuggeſt
What I moſt covet.

*Pſe.* Madame the vvords are there,
Ile ſvveare it can be no illuſion.

*Leu.* It is too good for truth.

*Phi.* Mocke me not fortune,
She kiſt it, ſavvſt thou her, oh friend ſhe kiſt it.

*Cle.* And vvith a looke that reliſh'd love, not ſcorne,

*Leu.* This letter may be forged, I much deſire to know the certainty, *Pſecas* thy helpe muſt further me.

*Pſe.* Ile not be vvanting.

*Leu.* Here comes my father, he muſt not ſee this.

*Pſe.* No nor your tother ſvveete-heart, hee is vvith him yonder.

Enter *Polimetes, Virro, Roſcio.*

*Pol.* Nay noble Count you are too old a ſouldier
To take a maides firſt no, for a deniall,
They vvill be nice at firſt, men muſt purſue,
That vvill obtaine, vvoe her my Lord and take her,
You have my free conſent if you get hers,
Yonder ſhe vvalkes alone, goe comfort her.

*Vir.* Ile doe the beſt I may, but vve old men
Are but cold comfort, I thanke your Lordſhips love.

*Pol.* I wonder *Roſcio* that the peeviſh Girle
Comes on ſo ſlovvly; no perſvvaſions
That I can uſe, doe move. the ſetting forth
Count *Virroes* greatneſſe, vvealth and dignity
Seemes not to affect her, *Roſcio.*

*Roſ.* I doubt the cauſe my Lord,
For vvere not that, I dare ingage my life

She would be wonne to love him, ſhe has plac'd
Already her affections on ſome other.
*Pol.* How ſhould I find it out?
*Ro.* Why thus my Lord,
There's never man nor woman that ere lov'd,
But choſe ſome boſome friend whoſe cloſe converſe
Sweeten'd their joyes, and eas'd their burden'd minds
Of ſuch a vvorking ſecret, thus no doubt
Has my young Lady done, and but her vvoman,
Who ſhould it be? tis ſhe muſt out vvith it,
Her ſecrecy, if vvit cannot orereach,
Gold ſhall corrupt, leave that to me my Lord,
But if her Ladies heart doe yet ſtand free
And unbequeath'd to any, your command
And fathers juriſdiction interpos'd
Will make her love the Count, no kind of meanes
muſt vvant to dravv her.
*Po.* Thou art my Oracle,
My braine, my ſoule, my very being *Roſcio*,
Walke on and ſpeed, vvhile I but ſecond thee.
*Cle.* It is even ſo, Count *Virro* is your rivall,
See hovv the old Ape ſmugs up his mouldy chaps
To ſeize the bit.
*Phi.* He muſt not if I live,
But yet her father brings him. he has the meanes
That I ſhall ever vvant.
*Cle.* If he doe marry her
Revenge it nobly, make him a Cuckold boy.
*Phi.* Thou jeſts that feels it not, prithee lets go.
*Cle.* Stay, Ile but curſe him briefly for thy ſake,
If thou doſt marry her, mayſt thou be made
A Cuckold vvithout profit, and nere get
An Office by it, nor favour at the Court,
But may thy large ill gotten treaſury
Be ſpent in her bought luſt, and thine ovvne gold
Bring thee adulterers, ſo farevvell good Count.
*exeunt Phi. Cle.*

Enter *Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord, there's a Messenger within
Desires accesse, has businesse of import,
Which to no eare but yours he must impart.

Enter *Eugenio* disguised.

*Pol.* Admit him, now friend, your businesse with me.
*Ser.* If you be the Lord *Polimetes.*
*Pol.* The same.
*Euge.* My Lord, I come from Athens with such newes
As I dare say is welcome, though unlook'd for,
Your sonne *Eugenio* lives whom you so long
Thought dead and mourn'd for.
*Pol.* How lives!
*Euge.* Vpon my life my Lord I saw him well
Within these few dayes.
*Pol,* Thankes for thy good newes.
Reward him *Roscio,* but now tell me friend,
Hast thou reveal'd this newes to any man
In Syracuse but me?
*Euge.* To none my Lord,
At every place where I have staid in towne,
Enquiring for your Lordships house, I heard
These tragicke, but false newes, the contrary
I still conceal'd, though knew, intending first
Your Lordships eare should drinke it.
*Pol.* Worthy friend,
I now must thanke your wisedome as your love.
In this well carried action, Ile requite it,
Meane time pray use my house, and still continue
Your silence in this businesse. *Roscio* make him welcome,
And part as little from him as you can for feare.
*Ros.* Thinke it done, my Lord.
*Pol.* *Pisecas* come hither.
*Vir.* Bee like your selfe, let not a cruell doome
Passe those faire lips, that never were ordain'd
To kill, but to revive.

*Leu.*

*Leu.* Neither my Lord lies in their power to doe.
*Vir.* Yes sweete to me
Whom your scorne kills, and pitty will revive.
*Sen.* Pitt, is shew'd to men in misery.
*Vir.* And so am I, if not reliev'd by you.
*Leu.* I were pride in me, my Lord, to thinke it so.
*Vir.* I am your beauties captive.
*Leu.* Then my Lord,
What greater guift then freedome can I give,
Tis that that Captives most desire, and that
You shall command, y'are free from me my Lord.
*Vir.* Your beauty contradicts that freedome Lady.
*Pol.* Come noble Count, I must for this time interrupt you, you'll find time enough within to talke.
*Vir.* Ile waite upon your Lordship. *exeunt.*

*Manet Eugenio solus.*

*Euge.* Thus in disguise I have discover'd all,
And found the cause of my reported death,
Which did at first amaze me, but tis well,
Tis to draw on the match between my sister
And this rich Count, heaven grant it be content
As well a fortune to her, but I feare
She cannot love his age. how it succedes
I shall perceive, and whil'st unknowne I stay,
I cannot hurt the project, helpe I may.

Enter *Francisco, Summer.*

*Franc.* This will make good worke for you in the spirituall Court, *Shallow* is a rich man.
*Sum* Those are the men wee looke for. there's somewhat to be got, the Court has many businesses at this time, but they are litle worth, a few Wayting-women got with child by Servingmen or so, scarce worth eating.
*Fra.* Do not their Masters get um with child sometimes?
*Sum.* Yes no doubt, but they have got a tricke to put um off upon their men, and for a little portion save their owne credites; besides these private marriages are much

out of our way, wee cannot know when there is a fault.

*Fran.* Wel, theſe are no ſtarters I warrant you, *Shallow* ſhal not deny it, and for the Wench ſhe need not confeſſe it, ſhe has a marke that will betray her.

*Sum.* I thanke you ſir for your good intelligence, I hope tis certaine.

*Fran.* Feare not that, is your citation ready?

*Sum.* I have it here.

*Fran.* Well ſtep aſide, and come when I call, I heare um comming. *exit Sumner.*

Enter *Franklin, Shallow, Luce, Parſon.*

*Frank.* Set forward there, *Franciſco* what make you here?

*Franc.* I come to claime my right, Parſon take heede,
Thou art the Authour of adultery
If thou conjoyne this couple, ſhe's my wife.

*Frank.* Your's ſauce-boxe?

*Shal.* Father, I thought ſhee had beene mine, I hope I ſhall not looſe her thus.

*Frank.* *Franciſco*, dare not to interrupt us, for I ſweare
Thou ſhalt indure the Lawes extremity
For thy preſumption.

*Franc.* Doe your worſt, I feare not, I was contracted to her.

*Frank.* What witneſſe have you?

*Franc.* Heaven is my witneſſe, whoſe impartiall eye
Saw our contract.

*Sha.* What an Aſſe is this to talke of contracting, he that will get a wench, muſt make her bigger as I have done, and not contract.

*Franc.* Sir you are abus'd. *Shal.* Why ſo?

*Franc.* The wife you goe to marry is with child, and by another.

*Shal.* A good jeſt i'faith, make me beleeve that.

*Franc.* How comes this foole poſſeſt?
He never touch'd her I dare ſweare.

*Frank.* No more *Franciſco* as you will anſwer it,
*Parſon* ſet forward there. *Fran.* Stay,

If

If this will not ſuffice, *Sumner* come forth.

*Frank.* A *Sumner*, we are all betraid. Enter *Sumner.*

*Sum.* God ſave you all, I think you gueſſe my buſineſſe,
Theſe are to cite to the ſpirituall Court
You maſter *Shallow*, and you miſtreſſe *Luce*,
Aske not the cauſe, for tis apparant here,
A carnall copulation, *ante matrimonium.*

*Frank.* This was a barre unlook'd for, ſpitefull *Franciſco.*

*Franc.* Injurious *Franklin*, could the lawes divine,
Or humane ſuffer ſuch an impious act,
That thou ſhouldſt take my true and lawfull wife,
And great with child by me, to give to another,
Gu'ling his poore ſimplicity.

*Shal.* Doe you meane me ſir?

*Sum.* Gallants farewell, my writ ſhall be obeyd.

*Frank.* *Sumner* it ſhall. *exit Sumner.*

*Pa.* Ile take my leave, ther's nothing now for me to doe

*Frank.* Farewell good maſter *Parſon.* *exit Parſon*

*Frank.* *Franciſco* canſt thou ſay thou ever lovedſt my daughter, and wouldſt thou thus diſgrace her openly?

*Franc.* No, I would winne her thus,
And did you hold her credite halfe ſo deare
As I, or her content, you would not thus
Take her from me, and thruſt her againſt her will
On this rich foole.

*Shal.* You are very bold with me ſir.

*Franc.* Let me have newes what happens deareſt *Luce.*

*Lu.* Elſe let me die. *exit Franciſco.*

*Frank.* This was your doing *Luce*, it had beene unpoſſible he ſhould ere have known the time ſo truely elſe, but Ile take an order next time for your blabbing.

*Shal.* What's the matter father.

*Fran.* We may thank you for it, this was your haſt that will now ſhame us all, you muſt be doing afore your time.

*Shal.* Twas but a tricke of youth father,

*Fran.* And therfore now you muſt een ſtand in a white ſheete for all to gaze at.

*Sha.* How? I would be loth to weare a surplesse now, tis a disgrace the house of the *Shallowes* never knew.

*Fran.* All the hope is, officers may be brib'd, and so they will, twere a hard world for us to live in else.

*Sha.* You say true father, if twere not for corruption, every poore rascall might have justice as well as one of us, and that were a shame. *exeunt Shal. Luce.*

*Frank.* This was a cunning stratagem well laid,
But yet *Francisco* th'hast not won the prize:
What should I doe, I must not let this cause
Proceed to tryall in the open Court,
For then my daughters oath will cast the child
Vpon *Francisco*: no, I have found a better,
I will before the next Court-day provide
Some needy Parson, one whose poverty
Shall make him feare no Canons, he shall marry
My daughter to rich *Shallow*, when tis done
Our gold shall make a silence in the Court. *exit.*

Enter *Philocles, Psecas.*

*Pse.* I must returne your answer to my Lady,
Ile tell her you will come. *Phi.* Come,
And such an Angel call, I should forget
All offices of nature, all that men
Wish in their second thoughts, ere such a duty.
Commend my service to her, and to you
My thankes for this kind Message. *exit Psecas.*
I never breath'd till now, never till now,
Did my life rellish sweetnesse, break not heart,
Cracke not yee feeble Ministers of nature
With inundation of such swelling joy,
Too great to beare without expression:
The Lady writes that she has knowne me long
By sight, and lov'd me, and she seemes to thanke
Her starres, she loves, and is belov'd againe,
She speakes my very thoughts, how strange it is
And happy when affections thus can meete;
She further writes at such an houre to day,

Her

Her fathers abſence, and all houſehold ſpies
Fitly remoov'd, ſhall give acceſſe to me
Vnmark'd to viſite her, where ſhe alone
Will entertaine diſcourſe, and welcome me.
I hope tis truely meant, why ſhould I feare?
But wiſedome bids me feare: fie, fie, tis bate
To wrong a creature of that excellence,
With ſuch ſuſpicion, I ſhould injure her,
I will as ſoone ſuſpect an Angel falſe,
Treaſon nere lodg'd within ſo faire a breſt,
No, if her hand betray me, I will runne
On any danger, tis alike to me
To die, or finde her falſe, for on her truth
Hangs my chiefe being, well Ile looſe no time.
No not a minute, deareſt love I come,
To meete my ſweeteſt wiſhes I will flie,
Heaven and my truth ſhield me from treachery. *exit.*

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## Actus tertius.

Enter *Polimetes, Roſcio, Eugenio, Pſecas.*

*Pol.* I Cannot credite it, nor thinke that ſhe
Of all the noble youth in Sicilie,
Should make ſo ſtrange a choice, that none but he,
None but the ſonne of my vow'd enemy
Muſt be her mate, it ſtrikes me to amaze,
Minion take heede, doe not belie your Miſtreſſe,
*Pſe.* Mercy forſake me if I doe my Lord,
You charg'd me to confeſſe the truth to you,
Which I have fully done, and preſently
Ile bring you where conceal'd, you ſhall both ſee
Their privacy, and heare their conference.
*Pol.* Well I beleeve thee wench, and will reward
Thy truſt in this, goe get thee in againe,
And bring me word when *Philocles* is come,

Sic

Sir youle be ſecret to our purpoſe ?

*Euge.* As your owne breſt my Lord.

*Pol.* I ſhall reſt thankefull to you :
This ſtranger muſt be ſoothd leſt he marre all.

*Roſ.* This vvas vvell found out my Lord, you now have meanes to take your enemie.

*Pol.* Which bleſt occaſion I will ſo purſue
As childleſſe *Euphues* ſhall for ever rue.
Riſe in thy blackeſt looke direſt *Nemeſis*
Aſsiſtant to my purpoſe, helpe me glut
My thirſty ſoule with blood. This bold young man
To his raſh love ſhall ſacrifice his life.

*Roſ.* What courſe doe you intend, to ruine him ?

*Pol.* VVhy kill him preſently.

*Roſ.* Oh no my Lord,
Youle rue that action, thinke not that the law
Will let ſuch murder ſleepe unpuniſhed.

*Pol.* Should I then let him go, when I have caught him?

*Roſ.* Yes ſir, to catch him taſter, and more ſafely.

*Pol.* How ſhould that be ? ſpeake man.

*Roſ.* VVhy thus my Lord ;
You know the law ſpeakes death to any man,
That ſteales an Heire vvithout her friends conſent,
This muſt he doe, his love will prompt him to it.
For he can never hope by your conſent
To marry her, and ſhe tis like vvill give
Conſent, for vvomens love is violent,
Then make their paſſage, you ſhall eaſily finde
How to ſurpriſe them at your will my Lord.

*Pol* Thou art my Oracle, deare *Roſcio*,
Here's *Pſeudo* come againe ; how now vvhat newes ?

*Pſe.* My Lord they both are comming, pleaſe you with-
You ſhall both heare and ſee what you deſire. dravv,

Enter *Philocles* and *Leucothoe.*

*Leu.* Y'are welcome Noble ſir, and did my power
Anvver my love, your viſitation,

Should

Should be more free, and your deſerved welcome
Expreſt in better faſhion.
*Phi.* Beſt of Ladies,
It is ſo well, ſo excellently well,
Comming from your wiſh'd love, my barren thankes
Wants language for't, there lies in your faire lookes
More entertainement then in all the pompe
That the vaine Perſian ever taught the world,
Your preſence is the welcome I expected,
That makes it perfect.
*Leu.* Tis your noble thought
Makes good what's wanting here, but gentle friend,
For ſo I now dare call you.
*Pol.* Tis well Minion, you are bold enough I ſee
To chuſe your friends without my leave.
*Phi.* Tis my ambition ever to be yours.
*Leu.* Thinke me not light deare *Philoclea*, ſo ſoone
To grant thee love, that others might have ſought
With eagereſt purſuit, and not obtain'd,
But I was yours by fate, and long have beene,
Before you woo'd, *Leucothoe* was woune,
And yours without reſiſtance.
*Phi.* Oh my ſtarres,
Twas your kind influence, that whil'ſt I ſlept
In dulleſt ignorance, contriv'd for me
The way to crowne me with felicity.
*Pol.* You may be deceiv'd though,
You have no ſuch great reaſon
To thanke your ſtarres if you knew all.
*Phi.* And know faire Miſtreſſe you have met a love,
That time, nor fate, nor death can ever change,
A man that but in you can have no being.
Let this kiſſe ſeale my faith.
*Leu.* And this mine.
*Pol.* Nay to't againe, your ſweete meate ſhall have ſowre ſauce.
*Phi.* But ſweet, 'mongſt all theſe roſes ther's one thorne.

That prickes and galls me, our parents enmity
Will crosse our loves, I doe assure my selfe
Thy father never will give his consent.
*Len.* No so I thinke, he moves me still to *Furro*
That old crazi Count, and with such vehemency
I dare scarce bide his presence if I deny him;
Therefore we must be speedy in our course,
And take without his leave what he denies.
*Pol.* I thanke you for that good daughter.
*Ros.* I told you sir 'twould come to this at last.
*Phi.* Oh thou hast spoke my wishes, and hast shew'd
Thy selfe in love as good as beautifull;
Then let's away dearest *Lancethee*,
My fortunes are not poore, then feare no want,
This constant love of ours may prove so happy,
To reconcile our parents enmity.
*Len.* Heaven grant it may,
*Pol.* Never by this meanes youngster.
*Len.* But soft, now I thinke better on't, Ile not goe.
*Phi.* Why dearest, is thy love so quickely cold?
*Len.* No, but Ile not venture thee, thine is the danger,
Thou knowst tis death by law to steale an Heire.
And my deare brothers most untimely death
Hath lately made me one, what if thou shouldst be taken?
*Phi.* Oh feare not that, had I a thousand lives,
They were too small a venture for such prize,
I tell thee sweet, a face not halfe so faire
As thine, hath arm'd whole nations in the field,
And brought a thousand ships to Tenedos,
To sacke lamented Troy, and should I feare
To venture one poore life, and such a life
As would be lost in not possessing thee:
Come, come, make that no scruple, when shall we goe?
*Len.* This present evening, for to morrow morning
My father lookes that I should give consent
To marry with the Count.
*Phi.* Best of all, would twere this present houre,

Ile

Ile goe prepare, but shall I call thee here?

*Lew.* Oh no, weele meete;

*Phi.* Where dearest?

*Lew.* East from the City by a Rivers side,
Not distant halfe a mile there stands a grove,
Where often riding by I have observ'd
A little Hermitage, there will I stay
If I be first, if you, doe you the like,
Let th'houre be ten, then shall I best escape.

*Phi.* Nere sweeter comfort came from Angels lips;
I know the place and will be ready there
Before the houre: Ile bring a friend with me
As true as mine owne heart, one *Clermont*,
That may doe us good if danger happen.

*Lew.* Vse your pleasure.

*Phi.* Dearest farewell,
Hours will seeme yeares till we are met againe. *exeunt.*

*Pol.* Ah sirrah, this geere goes well, godsmercy girle for thy intelligence, why this is as much as a man could desire, the time, place, and every thing; I warrant um they passe no further, well goe thou in and waite upon thy Mistres, she's melancholly till she see her sweet-heart againe, but when shee does, shee shall not see *him* long, Not a word of whats past among us for your life.

*Pse.* I warrant you my Lord.

*Pol.* Ile not so much as show an angry looke, or any token that I know of any of their proceedings, but *Roscio*, wee must lay the place strongly, if they should scape us I were prettily fool'd now after all this.

*Ros.* Why tis impossible my Lord, weele goe strong enough, besides I thinke it fit wee tooke an Officer along with us to countenance it the better.

*Pol.* Thou sayst well, goe get one, Ile goe my selfe along with you too, I love to see sport though I am old, youle goe along with us too sir?

*Em.* I sir, you shall commaund my service when you are ready.

*Pol.* Now *Euphues*, what I did but barely act
Thy bleeding heart ſhall feele, loſſe of a ſonne,
If Law can have his courſe, as who can let it,
I know thou think'ſt mine dead, and in thy heart
Laugheſt at my falling houſe, but let them laugh
That winne the prize, things nere are knowne till ended.
*exeunt Pol. & Roſ.*

*Eugenio ſolus.*

*Euge.* Well, I like my ſiſters choice, ſhee has taken a man whoſe very lookes and carriage ſpeake him worthie; beſides hee is noble, his fortunes ſufficient, they both love each other, what can my father more deſire, that hee gapes ſo after this old Count, that comes for the eſtate, as tother upon my ſoule does not, but pure ſpotleſſe love, but now his plot is for revenge upon his old enemy: fie, fie, tis bloodie and unchriſtian, my ſoule abhorres ſuch acts, this match may rather reconcile our houſes, and I deſire where worth is to have friendſhip, as on my ſoule 'tis there. Well *Philocles*, I hope to call thee brother. Somewhat Ile doe, Ile goe perſwade Count *Virro* not to love her, I know the way, and Ile but tell him truth, her brother lives, that will coole his love quickelie; but ſoft, here comes the Count as fit as may bee.

Enter *Virro*.

*Vir.* She loves me not yet, but that's no matter, I ſhall have her, her father ſaies I ſhall, and I dare take his word, maides are quickely over-rul'd, ah ha, me thinkes I am growne younger then I was by twentie yeares, this fortune caſt upon me, is better then *Meanas* charme, to make an old man young againe, to have a Lords eſtate freelie beſtovved, and vvith it ſuch a beautie as would warme *Neſtors* bloud, and make old *Priam* luſtie. Fortune I ſee thou loveſt mee novv, Ile build a Temple to thee ſhortly,

and

and adore thee as the greateſt Deitie. Now, what are you?

*Euge.* A poore ſcholler my Lord, one that am little beholding to fortune.

*Vir.* So are moſt of your profeſsion, thou ſhouldeſt take ſome more thriving occupation, to bee a Iudges man, they are the braveſt now adayes, or a Cardinalls Pander, that were a good profeſsion and gainefull.

*Euge.* But not lavvfull my Lord.

*Virro.* Lavvfull! That Cardinall may come to bee Pope, and then hee could pardon thee and himſelfe too.

*Euge.* My Lord I was brought up a ſcholler, and I thanke you for your counſell, my Lord I have ſome for you, and therefore I came.

*Vir.* For me, what I prithee?

*Euge.* Tis weightie and concernes you neere.

*Vir.* Speake what is't?

*Euge.* My Lord, you are to marrie old *Polimete.* daughter.

*Vir.* And Heire.

*Euge.* No Heire my Lord, her brother is alive.

*Vir.* How I thou art mad.

*Euge.* My Lord, vvhat I ſpeake is true, and to my knovvledge his father gives it out in policie to marrie his daughter the better, to hooke in ſuitors, and ſpecially aim'd at you, thinking you rich and covetous, and now he has caught you.

*Vir.* But doſt thou mocke me?

*Euge.* Let me bee ever miſerable if I ſpeake not truth, as ſure as I am here *Eugenio* lives, I know it, and know him where he is.

*Vir.* Where prithee?

*Euge.* Not a daies journey hence, where his father enjoyned him to ſtay till your match, and ſends word to him of this plot: beſides I over-heard the old Lord, and his

man *Roſcio*, laughing at you for being caught thus.

*Vir.* Why, wer't thou at the houſe then?

*Euge.* Yes, but had ſcurvy entertainement, which I have thus reveng'd.

*Vir.* Beſhrevv my heart I knovve not vvhat to thinke on't, 'tis like enough, this Lord was alwayes cunning beyond meaſure, and it amaz'd mee that hee ſhould grovv ſo extreame kinde to mee on the ſuddaine, to offer mee all this: beſides this fellovve is ſo confident, and on no endes of couſenage that I can ſee; vvell, I vvould faine enjoye her, the VVench is delicate, but I vvould have the eſtate too, and not be guli'd, what ſhall I doe? now braines if ever you will, helpe your Maſter.

*Euge.* It ſtings him.

*Vir.* Well, ſo ſir, what may I call your name?

*Euge.* *Irus* my Lord.

*Vir.* Your name, as well as your attire, ſpeakes you poore.

*Euge.* I am ſo.

*Vir.* And very poore.

*Euge.* Very poore.

*Vir.* Would you not gladly take a courſe to get monie and a great ſumme of money.

*Euge.* Yes gladly, if your Lordſhip would but ſhew me the way.

*Vir.* Harke ye.

*Euge.* Oh my Lord, Conſcience.

*Vir.* Fie, never talke of conſcience, and for Law thou art free, for all men thinke him dead, and his father will be aſhamed to follow it, having alreadie given him for dead, and then who can know it? Come be wiſe, five hundred crownes Ile give.

*Euge.* Well, tis povertie that does it, and not I, when ſhall I be paid?

*Vir.* When thou haſt done it.

*Euge.* Well give me your hand for it my Lord.

*Vir.* Thou ſhalt.

*Euge:*

*Euge.* In writing, to be paid when I have poisoned him, and thinke it done.

*Vir.* Now thou speak'st like thy selfe, come in, Ile give it thee.

*Euge.* And this shall stop thy mouth for ever Count.

*Leu othoe sola.*

*Leu.* There is no creature here, I am the first,
Me thinkes this sad and solitarie place
Should strike a terrour to such hearts as mine;
But love has made me bold, the time has beene,
In such a place as this I should have fear'd
Each rowling leafe, and trembled at a reede
Stirr'd in the Moonshine, my fearefull fancie
Would frame a thousand apparitions,
And worke some feare out of my verie shadow:
I wonder *Philocles* is tardie thus,
When last we parted, everie houre, he said,
Would seeme a yeare til we were met againe,
It should not seeme so by the hast he makes,
Ile sit and rest me, come I know he will.

Enter *Philocles* and *Clerimont.*

*Phi.* This *Clerimont*, this is the happie place
Where I shal meete the summe of all my joyes,
And bee possest of such a Treasurie
As would enrich a Monarch.

*Leu.* This is his voice, my *Philocles.*

*Phi.* My life, my soule, what here before me,
Oh thou dost stil outgoe me, and dost make
All my endeavours poore in the requital
Of thy large favours, but I forget my selfe,
Sweet bid my friend here welcome, this is he
That I dare trust next mine owne heart with secrets.
But why art thou disguised thus?

*Leu.* I durst not venture else to make escape.

*Phi.* Even now me thinkes I stand as I would wish
With all my wealth about me, such a love
And such a friend, what can be added more

To make a man live happie, thou darke grove,
That haſt beene call'd the ſeate of melancholy,
And ſhelter for the diſcontented ſpirits:
Sure thou art wrong'd, thou ſeem'ſt to me a place
Of ſolace and content, a Paradiſe,
That giveſt me more then ever Court could doe,
Or richeſt Palace, bleſt be thy faire ſhades,
Let birds of muſicke ever chant it here,
No croking Raven, or ill-boading Owle
Make here their balefull habitation
Frighting thy walkes, but maiſt thou be a grove
Where loves faire Queene may take delight to ſport:
For under thee two faithfull lovers meete,
Why is my faire *Leucothoe* ſo ſad?

*Leu.* I know no cauſe, but I would faine be gone.

*Phi.* Whither ſweete?

*Leu.* Any whither from hence.
My thoughts divine of treaſon, whence I know not,
There is no creature knowes our meeting here
But one, and that's my maid, ſhe has beene truſtie
And will be ſtill I hope, but yet I would
She did not know it, prithee let's away;
Any where elſe we are ſecure from danger.
Then let's remove, but prithee be not ſad.
What noiſe is that? *noiſe within.*

*Leu.* Ay me. *Phi.* Oh feare not Love. *draw.*

Enter *Polimetes, Roſcio, Eugenio* and *Officers.*

*Pol* Vpon um Officers, yonder they are.

*Phi.* Theeves, Villaines.

*Pol.* Thou art the Thiefe and the Villaine too,
Give me my daughter thou Raviſher.

*Phi.* Firſt take my life.

*Pol.* Vpon um I ſay, *fight.*
Knock um downe Officers if they reſiſt. *they are taken.*

*Leu.* Oh they are loſt, ah wicked, wicked *Pſecas.*

*Pol.* So keepe um faſt, weele have um ſafter ſhortly, and for you Minion, Ile tie a clogge about your necke for

running

running away any more.

*Len.* Yet doe but heare me father.

*Pol.* Call me not father thou diſobedient wretch,
Thou Run-away, thou art no child of mine,
My daughter here wore Breeches.

*Len.* Oh ſir, my mother would have done as much
For love of you, if need had ſo required,
Thinke not my mind transformed as my habite.

*Pol.* Officers away with um, peace ſtrumpet,
You may diſcharge him, he's but an aſſiſtant.

*Len.* O ſtay and heare me yet, heare but a word
And that my laſt it may be, doe not ſpill
The life of him in whom my life ſubſiſts,
Kill not two lives in one, remember ſir,
I was your daughter once, once you did love me,
And tell me then, what fault can be ſo great,
To make a father murderer of his child,
For ſo you are in taking of his life.
Oh thinke not ſir that I will ſtay behind him,
Whil'ſt there be Aſpes, and knives, and burning coles,
No Romane dame ſhall in her great example
Outgoe my love.

*Phi.* Oh where will ſorrow ſtay,
Is there no end in griefe, or in my death
Not puniſhment enough for my offence,
But muſt her griefe be added to afflict me?
Drie up thoſe pearles deareſt *Lencothoe*,
Or thou wilt make me doubly miſerable,
Preſerve that life, that I may after death
Live in my better part, take comfort deare,
People would curſe mee if ſuch beautie ſhould
For me miſcarry, no, live happy thou,
And let me ſuffer what the law inflicts.

*Len.* My offence was as great as thine,
And why ſhould not my puniſhment?

*Pol.* Come have you done? Officers away with him.

*exit Philocles.*

Ile be your keeper, but Ile looke better to you:
But *Roscio* you and I muſt about the buſineſſe:
Sir let it be your charge to watch my daughter,
And ſee ſhe ſend no meſſage any whither,
Nor receive any. *exeunt.*

*Manent Eugenio, & Leucothoe.*

*Euge.* It ſhall my Lord. Ile bee an *Argus*, none ſhall come here I warrant you. My very heart bleedes to ſee two ſuch lovers ſo faithfull parted ſo. I muſt condemne my father, hee's too cruell in this action, and did not nature forbid it, I could raile at him, to wreake his long foſtered malice againſt Lord *Eupheus* thus upon his ſonne, the faithfull lover of his owne daughter, and upon her, for ſhould it come to paſſe as hee expects it ſhall, I thinke it would kill her too, ſhe takes it ſo: See in what ſtrange amazement now ſhe ſtands, her griefe has ſpent it ſelfe ſo farre that it has left her ſenſeleſſe, it grieves mee thus to ſee her, I can ſcarce forbeare revealing of my ſelfe to her, but that I keepe it for a better occaſion when things ſhall better anſwer to my purpoſe: Lady.

*Leu.* What are you?

*Eu.* One that my Lord your father has appointed to give attendance on you.

*Leu.* On me! alas I need no attendance,
He might beſtow his care better for me.

*Eu* I came but lately to him, nor doe I meane
Long to ſtay with him, in the meane time Lady
Might I but doe you any ſervice.

*Leu.* All ſervice is too late, my hopes are deſperate.

*Eu.* Madam, I have a feeling of your woe,
A greater your owne brother could not have,
And thinke not that I come ſuborn'd by any
To undermine your ſecrets, I am true,
By all the Gods I am, for further triall
Command me any thing, ſend me on any meſſage
Ile doe it faithfully, or any thing elſe
That my poore power can compaſſe.

*Leu*

*Leu.* Oh ſtrange fate!
Have I loſt pitty in a fathers heart,
And ſhall I finde it in a ſtranger? ſir
I ſhall not live to thanke you, but my prayers
Shall goe with you.
*Euge.* Tis not for thanks or meede
But for the ſervice that I owe to vertue
I would doe this,
*Leu.* Surely this man
Is nobly bred, how ere his habite give him:
But ſir, all phiſicke comes to me too late,
There is no hope my *Philocles* ſhould live.
*Eu.* Vnleſſe the King were pleas'd to grant his pardon,
'Twere good that he were moov'd.
*Leu.* Ah who ſhould doe it?
I feare me tis in vaine, Count *Virro*
And my father both will croſſe it, but I would venture
If I could get but thither.
*Eu.* That's in my power
To give you liberty, your father left
Me to be your keeper, but in an act
So meritorious as this I will not hinder you,
Nay I will waite upon you to the Court.
*Leu.* A thouſand thankes to you, well Ile goe,
Grant oh you Powers above, if Virgines teares,
If a true lovers prayers had ever power
To move compaſsion, grant it now to me,
Arme with ſo ſtrong a vigour my weake words,
They may pierce deepe into his kingly breſt,
And force out mercy in ſpite of all oppoſers:
*Eu.* Come let's away. *exeunt.*

## Actus quartus

Enter *Francisco* reading a Letter.

*Fran.* MY deareſt *Lucy*, were thy old Sire as juſt
As thou art truely conſtant, our firme love
Had never met theſe oppoſitions,
All my deſignes as yet, all practiſes
That I have us'd, I ſee are fruſtrated,
For as my faire intelligencer writes
He will before the next Court day provide
Some carelesſe Parſon, that in ſpite of lawes
Shall marry her to *Shallow*; this being done,
He meanes to hold the Courts ſeverity
In by a golden bit, and ſo he may,
Alas it is too true, I muſt prevent it,
And that in time, before it grow too farre;
But how? there lies the point of difficultie:
But what ſtrange ſight is this that greetes mine eyes?
*Alphonſo* my old Captaine, ſure tis he.

Enter *Alphonſo*.

*Al.* Thus once againe from twentie yeares exile,
Toſt by the ſtormes of fortune too and fro,
Has gratious heaven given me leave to tread
My native earth of Sicilie, and draw
That aire that fed me in my infancie.

*Fran.* Tis he, moſt noble Captaine, oh what power
Has beene ſo gratious, as to bleſſe mine eyes
Once more with ſight of my moſt honoured Maſter.

*Al.* Kind youth, the teares of joy that I have ſpent
To greet my native countrey have quite robb'd
Mine eyes of moiſture, and have left me none
To anſwer thy affection: but tell mee,
Tell me how thou haſt liv'd in Syracuſe
Theſe five yeares here, ſince that unluckie ſtorme
Divided us at ſea.

*Fran.*

*Fran.* Faith poorely ſir,
As one that knowes no kindred nor alliance.
Vnknowne of any have I ſhifted out,
But I have heard you ſay that I was borne
In Syracuſe, tell me what ſtocke I come of,
What parentage, how meane ſo ere they be,
They cannot well be poorer then my ſelfe:
Speake, doe you know them ſir?

*Al.* Yes very well,
And I am glad the fates have brought me home,
For thy deare ſake, that I may now diſcloſe
Thy honourable birth. *Fran.* Honourable?

*Al.* Yes noble youth thou art the ſecond ſonne
To old Lord *Euphues*, a man more worthy
And truely noble never drew this aire;
Thy name's *Lyſandro*, this diſcoverie
Will be as welcome to your friends as you.

*Fran.* You doe amaze me ſir.

*Al.* Ile tell you all,
It was my fortune twentie yeare agoe,
Vpon the Tyrrhene ſhore, whoſe ſea diuides
This Ile from Italy, to keepe a fort
Vnder your noble father, where your ſelfe
Then but a child, was left to my tuition,
When ſuddainelie the rude aſſailing force
Of ſtrong Italian Pyrates ſo prevail'd,
As to ſurpriſall of the fort and us.
Your name and noble birth I then conceal'd
Fearing ſome outrage from the enmitie
Of thoſe fell Pyrates, and ſince from your ſelfe
I purpoſely have kept the knowledge of it,
As loth to grieve your preſent miſerie
With knowledge of what fortunes you had loſt,
That this is true, you ſtraight ſhall ſee th'effect,
Ile goe acquaint your father with the tokens,
And make his orejoy'd heart leape to embrace
Thee his new found and long forgotten ſonne.

*Fran.* Worthy Captaine, your presence was alwaies
Welcome to me, but this unlook'd for newes,
I cannot suddenlie disgest.

*Al.* Well Ile goe to him presently. *exit Alphon.*

*Fran.* Now my deare *Luce*, I shall find meanes to quite
Thy love, that couldst descend so low as I
When I was nothing, and with such affection.
This was my suit still to the Powers above
To make me worthie of thy constant love.
But Ile about the project I intended. *exit Francisco.*

Enter *Virro* and *Polimetes*.

*Pol.* VVhy now my Lord you are neerer to her love then ever you were yet, your rivall by this accident shall be remov'd out of the way, for before the scornefull girle would never fancie any man else.

*Vir.* I conceive you sir.

*Pol.* I labour'd it for your sake as much as for my own, to remove your rivall and my enemie, you have your love, and I have my revenge.

*Vir.* I shall live my Lord to give you thankes, *aside* but 'twill be after a strange manner, if *Irus* has dispatch'd what hee was hired to, then my kind Lord I shall be a little too cunning for you.

*Pol.* My Lord you are gracious with the King.

*Vir.* I thanke his Majestie, I have his eare before another man.

*Pol* Then see no pardon bee granted, you may stop any thing; I know *Euphues* will be solliciting for his sonne.

*Vir.* I warrant you my Lord no pardon passes whil'st I am there, Ile bee a barre betwixt him and the King, but hearke the King approches.

Enter *King* with attendants.

*Ambo.* Health to your Majestie.

*King.* Count *Virro*, and Lord *Polimetes* welcome,
You have beene strangers at the Court of late;
But I can well excuse you Count, you are about a wife,
A young one and a faire one too they say,

Get

Get me young ſouldiers Count, but ſpeake
When is the day ? I meane to be your gueſt,
You ſhall not ſteale a marriage.

*Vir.* I thanke your Majeſtie, bnt the marriage that I intended is ſtolen to my hand, and by another.

*King.* ſtolen, how man ? *Vir.* My promiſed wife
Is latelie ſtolne away by *Philoclas*,
Lord *Euphues* ſonne, againſt her fathers will,
Who followed um and apprehended them,
The Law may right us ſir, if it may have courſe.

*King.* No reaſon but the Law ſhould have his courſe.

Enter *Euphues*.

*Eup.* Pardon dread Soveraigne, pardon for my ſonne.

*King.* Your ſonne, Lord *Euphues*, what is his offence ?

*Eup.* No hainous one my Liege, no plot of treaſon
Againſt your royall perſon or your ſtate,
Theſe aged cheekes would bluſh to beg a pardon
For ſuch a foule offence, no crying murder
Hath ſtain'd his innocent hands, his fault was love,
Love my deare Liege, unfortunately he tooke
The daughter and Heire of Lord *Polimetes*,
Who followes him, and ſeekes extremitie.

*Pol.* I ſeeke but law, I am abus'd my Liege,
Iuſtice is all I beg, my daughter's ſtolne,
Staffe of my age, let the law doe me right.

*Vir.* To his juſt prayers do I bend my knee,
My promis'd wife is ſtolne, and by the ſonne
Of that injurious Lord, juſtice I crave.

*Eup.* Be like thoſe Powers above, whoſe place on earth
You repreſent, ſhew mercie gracious King,
For they are mercifull.

*Pol.* Mercie is but the Kings prerogative,
Tis juſtice is his office, doing that
He can wrong no man, no man can complaine,
But mercie ſhew'd oft takes away reliefe
From the wrong'd partie, that the law would give him.

*Eup.* The law is blind, and ſpeakes in generall tearmes,

She

She cannot pittie where occasion serves,
The living law can moderate her rigour,
And that's the King.

*Pol.* The king I hope in this will not doe so.

*Eup.* Tis malice makes thee speake,
Hard hearted Lord, hadst thou no other way
To wreake thy cankred and long fostred hate
Vpon my head but thus, thus bloudilie
By my sonnes suffering, and for such a fault
As thou shouldst love him rather, is thy daughter
Disparag'd by his love, is his blood base,
Or are his fortunes sunke? this law was made
For such like cautions, to restraine the base
From wronging noble persons by attempts
Of such a kind, but where equalitie
Meetes in the match, the fault is pardonable.

Enter *Leucothoe.*

*Leu.* Mercie my Soveraigne, mercie gracious King.

*Pol.* Minion who sent for you, twere more modestie
For you to be at home.

*King.* Let her alone, speake Ladie,
I charge you no man interrupt her.

*Leu.* If ever pittie touch'd that princely brest,
If ever Virgines teares had power to move,
Or if you ever lov'd, and felt the pangs
That other Lovers doe, pittie great King,
Pittie, and pardon two unhappie Lovers.

*King.* Your life is not in question.

*Leu.* Yes royall sir,
If Law condemne my *Philocles*, he and I
Have but one heart, and can have but one fate.

*Eu.* Excellent vertue, thou hadst not this from thy father.

*King.* There's musicke in her voice, and in her face
More then a mortall beautie: Oh my heart!
I shall be lost in passion if I heare her,
Ile heare no more, convey her from my presence,
Quickely I say. *Euge.* This is strange.

*Ver.*

*Vir.* I told you what he would doe, I knew
He would not heare of a pardon, and I againſt it,
He reſpects me.

*Pol.* No doubt he does my Lord,
I like this paſſage well.

*King.* But ſtay,
Stay Ladie, let me heare you, beſhrew my heart
My minde was running of another matter.

*Vir.* Where the devill hath his minde beene all this while, perhaps hee heard none of us neither, we may eene tell our tales againe.

*Pol.* No ſure he heard us, but tis very ſtrange.

*King.* Tis ſuch a tempting poiſon I draw in,
I cannot ſtay my draught, riſe up Ladie.

*Len.* Never untill your graces pardon raiſe me;
There's pittie in your eye, oh ſhew it ſir,
Say pardon gracious King, tis but a word
And ſhort, but welcome as the breath of life.

*King.* Ile further heare the manner of this fact,
Avoide the preſence all but the Ladie,
And come not till I ſend.

*Pol.* I like not this.

*Vir.* Nor I, here is mad dancing.

*Exp.* Heaven bleſſe thy ſute, thou mirrour of thy ſex,
And beſt example of true conſtant love,
That in the ſea of thy tranſcendent vertues
Drown'ſt all thy fathers malice, and redeem'ſt
More in my thoughts then all thy kin can loſe. *exeunt.*

*King.* Now Ladie, what would you doe to ſave the life
Of him you love ſo dearelie?

*Len.* I cannot thinke that thought I would not doe.
Lay it in my power, and beyond my power
I would attempt.

*King.* You would be thankfull then tome,
If I ſhould grant his pardon.

*Len.* If ever I were thankefull to the Gods
For all that I call mine, my health and being,

Could I to you be unthankeful for a gift
I value more then thoſe, and without which
Theſe bleſsings were but wearisome.

*King.* Thoſe that are thankefull ſtudie to requite a curteſie, would you doe ſo? would you requite this favour?

*Len.* I cannot ſir,
For all the ſervice I can doe your Grace
Is but my dutie, you are my Soveraigne,
And all my deedes to you are debts not merites.
But to thoſe powers above that can requite,
That from their waſtleſſe treaſures heape rewards
More out of grace then merits on us mortalls,
To thoſe Ile ever pray that they would give you
More bleſsings then I have skill to aske.

*King.* Nay but *Lencothoe*, this lies in thy power to requite, thy love will make requitall, wilt thou love me?

*Len.* I ever did my Lord.
I was inſtructed from my infancie,
To love and honour you my Soveraigne.

*King.* But in a neerer bond of love.

*Len.* There is no neerer nor no truer love
Then that a loyall ſubject beares a Prince.

*King.* Still thou wilt not conceive mee, I muſt deale plaine with you, wilt thou lie with me, and I will ſeale his pardon preſentlie; nay more, Ile heape upon you both all favours, all honours that a Prince can give.

*Len.* Oh mee unhappie!
In what a ſad dilemma ſtands my choice,
Either to loſe the man my ſoule moſt loves,
Or ſave him by a deed of ſuch diſhonour
As he will ever loath me for, and hate
To draw that breath that was ſo bafelie kept.
Name anie thing but that to ſave his life,
I know you doe but tempt my frailtie ſir,
I know your royall thoughts could never ſtoop
To ſuch a foule diſhonourable act.

*King.* Bethinke thy ſelfe, there is no way but that,

I ſweare

I ſweare by heaven never to pardon him
But upon thoſe conditions.

*Leu.* Oh I am miſerable.

*King.* Thou art not if not wilfull, yield *Leucothoe*,
It ſhall be ſecret, *Philocles* for his life
Shall thanke thy love, but never know the price
Thou paidſt for it; be wiſe thou heardſt me ſweare,
I cannot now ſhew mercie, thou maiſt ſaue him,
And if he die, tis thou that art the Tyrant.

*Leu.* I ſhould be ſo if I ſhould ſave him thus,
Nay I ſhould be a Traytor to your Grace,
Betray your ſoule to ſuch a foe as luſt,
But ſince your oath is paſt, deare *Philocles*
Ile ſhew to thee an honeſt crueltie,
And rather follow thee in ſpotleſſe death,
Then buy with ſinning a diſhonour'd life.

*King.* Yet pittie me *Leucothoe*, cure the wound
Thine eyes have made, pittie a begging King,
Vncharme the charmes of thy bewitchiug face
Or thou wilt leave me dead: will nothing move thee,
Thou art a witch, a Traytor, thou haſt ſought
By unreſiſted ſpells thy Soveraignes life:
Who are about us, call in the Lords againe,
Lord *Polymetes*, take your daughter to you,
Keepe her at home.

*Pol.* I will my Liege, *Roſcio* ſee her there, I wonder what is done.

*King.* *Euphues* I have tane a ſolemne oath
Never to grant a pardon to thy ſonne.

*Eup.* Oh ſay not ſo my Leige, your Grace I know
Has mercy for a greater fault then this.

*King.* My oath is paſt and cannot be recall'd.

*Pol.* This is beyond our wiſhes.

*Ur.* What made him ſweare this I wonder?

*Eup.* A heavie oath to me, and moſt unlook'd for.
Your joſtice ſir has ſet a period
Vnto a loyall houſe, a familie

That have beene props of the Sicylian crowne,
That with their bloods in many an honoured field,
Gainſt the hot French, and Neopolitan
Have ſerv'd for you and your great Anceſtors,
Their children now can never more doe ſo,
Farewell my ſoveraigne, whileſt I in teares
Spend the ſad remnant of my childleſſe age,
Ile pray for your long life, and happie raigne,
And may your Grace and your poſteritie
At neede finde hands as good, and hearts as true
As ours have ever beene.

*King.* Farewell good old man.

*Exp.* For you my Lord, y ur crueltie has deſerv'd
A curſe from me, but I can utter none,
Your daughters goodneſſe has weigh'd down your malice,
Heaven proſper her. *Pol.* Amen.

*King.* He is an honeſt man, and truelie noble,
Oh my raſh oath, my luſt that was the cauſe,
Would anie price would buie it in againe.

*Vir.* Your Majeſtie is juſt.

*Pol.* Tis a happie land
Where the King ſquares his actions by the law.

*King.* Away, you are baſe and bloodie,
That feed your malice with pretence of juſtice,
Tis ſuch as you make Princes tyrannous.
And hated of their ſubjects, but looke to't,
Looke your owne heads ſtand faſt, for if the law
Doe find a hole in your coates, beg no mercie.

*Vir.* Pardon us my Lord, we were wrong'd.

*Pol.* And ſought redreſſe but by a lawfull courſe.

*King.* Well leave me alone.

*Vir.* Farewell my Liege, now let him chafe alone.

*Pol.* Now we have our ends. *exeunt.*

*King.* Is there no meanes to ſave him, no way,
To get a diſpenſation for an oath,
None that I know, except the Court of Rome
Will grant one, that's well thought on,

I will

I will not ſpare for gold, and that will doe it,
*Nicanor.* *Nica.* Sir.
*King.* What booke is that
Thou hadſt from Paris about the price of ſinnes?
*Nic.* Tis called the Taxes of the Apoſtolicall Chancery.
*King.* Is there a price for any ſinne ſet downe?
*Nic.* Any ſir, how hainous ere it be,
Or of what nature, for ſuch a ſumme of money
As is ſet downe there, it ſhall be remitted.
*King.* That's well, goe fetch the book preſentlie.
*Nic.* I will my Lord. *exit Nicanor*
*King.* Sure there is perjurie
Among the reſt, and I ſhall know what rate
It beares before I have committed it.
How now, haſt brought it? *Nic.* Yes ſir.
*King.* Reade, I would know the price of perjurie.
*Nic.* I ſhall find it quickelie, here's an Index. *he reads*
*Impr.* For murder of all kindes, of a Clergie-man, of a Lay-man, of father, mother, ſonne, brother, ſiſter, wife.
*King.* Reade till you come at perjurie.
*Nic. Item,* for impoyſoning, enchantments, witchcraft, ſacriledge, ſimonie, and their kind and branches.
*Item, pro lapſu carnis,* fornication, adulterie, Inceſt without anie exception, or diſtinction; for ſodomie, brutalitie, or anie of that kind.
*King.* My heart ſhakes with horrour
To heare the names of ſuch deteſted ſinnes,
Can theſe be bought for any price of monie,
Or doe theſe merchants but deceive the world
With their falſe wares? no more of that foule booke,
I will not now know what I came to know,
I would not for the world redeeme my oath
By ſuch a courſe as this, no more *Nicanor.*
Vnleſſe thou finde a price for Atheiſme.
Well this is not the way to helpe I ſee,
I have thought of another that may prove:
And both diſcharge my oath, and ſave his life.

*Nicanor* runne presentlie, call *Matho* hither,
*Matho* the Lawyer, command him to make haſt,
I long to be reſolv'd.

*Nic.* I runne ſir.

*King.* He is a ſubtle Lawyer and may find
Some point, that in the Lawes obſcuritie
Lies hid from us, ſome point may doe us good.
I have ſeene ſome of his profeſſion
Out of a caſe as plaine, as cleare as day
To our weake judgements, and no doubt at firſt
Meant like our thoughts by thoſe that made the Law,
Picke out ſuch hard inextricable doubts,
That they have ſpun a ſute of ſeven yeares long,
And lead their hood-winke Clients in a wood,
A moſt irremeable Labyrinth,
Till they have quite conſum'd um, this they can doe
In other caſes, why not as well in this.
I have ſeene others could extend the Law
Vpon the wracke, or cut it ſhort againe
To their owne private profits, as that thiefe
Cruell *Procruſtes* ſerv'd his hap eſſe gueſts,
To fit them to his bed; Well I ſhall ſee,
I would *Nicanor* were return'd againe,
I would faine eaſe my conſcience of that oath,
That raſh and inconſiderate oath I tooke,
But ſee, here they are comming.

Enter *Matho.*

*Ma.* Health to my ſoveraigne

*King.* *Matho*, welcome.
I ſent for thee about a buſineſſe
I would entreate thy helpe in.

*Ma.* Your Highneſſe may command my ſervice in that, or any thing lies in my power.

*King.* Tis to decide a caſe that troubles me.

*Ma.* If it lie within the compaſſe of my knowledge, I will reſolve your Highneſſe preſentlie.

*King.* Then thus it is, Lord *Euphues* ſonne,

Young

Young *Philocles*, has latelie ſtolne away
The daughter and Heire of Lord *Polimetes*,
Who is his enemie, he following him hard
Has apprehended him, and brings him to his triall
To morrow morning: thou haſt heard this newes.
*Ma.* I have my Liege, with every circumſtance
That can be thought on in the buſineſſe.
*King.* And what will be the iſſue of the Law?
*Ma.* He muſt die for't, the caſe is plaine, unleſſe
Your Grace will grant his pardon.
*King.* But can there bee no meanes thought upon to ſave him by the law?
*Ma.* None my Lord.
*King.* Surelie there may, ſpeake man, Ile give thee double fees.
*Ma.* It cannot be my Liege, the ſtatute is plaine.
*King.* Nay now thou art too honeſt, thou ſhouldſt doe
As other Lawyers doe, firſt take my money,
And then tell me thou canſt doe me no good.
*Ma.* I dare not undertake it, could it be done,
Ide goe as farre as anie man would doe.
*King.* Yes, if twere to cut a poore mans threat you could,
For ſome rich griping Landlord you could grind
The face of his poore Tennant, ſtretch the law
To ſerve his turne, and guided by his Angels,
Speake Oracles more then the tongues of men,
Then you could find exceptions, reſervations,
Stand at a word, a ſillable, a letter,
Or coine ſome ſcruples out of your owne braines,
But in a caſe ſo full of equitie,
So charitable as this, you can find nothing,
I ſhall for ever hate all your profeſſion.
*Ma.* I doe beſeech your Highneſſe to excuſe me,
I cannot doe more then your lawes will let me,
Nor falſifie my knowledge, nor my conſcience.
*King.* Then I am miſerable, riſe *Matho* riſe,

I doe

I doe not diſcommend thy honeſtie,
But blame my owne hard fate, ah *Philocles*
I would redeeme thy life at anie price,
But the ſtars croſſe it, cruell fate condemnes thee. *ex.*

Enter *Conſtable* and *Watch*.

*Con.* Come fellow watchmen, for now your are my fellowes.

*Watch.* It pleaſes you to call us ſo maſter Conſtable.

*Con.* I doe it to encourage you in your office, it is a trick that we Commanders have, your great Captaines call your ſouldiers fellow-ſouldiers to encourage them.

2 *Watch.* Indeed and ſo they doe, I heard maſter Curate reading a ſtorie booke tother day to that purpoſe.

*Con.* Well I muſt ſhew now what you have to doe, for I my ſelfe before I came to this preferm itie, was as ſimple as one of you, and for your better deſtruction, I will deride my ſpeech into two parts. Firſt, what is a watchman. Secondlie, what is the office of a watchman. For the firſt, if any man aske mee what is a watchman, I may anſwer him, he is a man as others are, nay a tradeſman, as a Vintner, a Tayler, or the like, for they have long bills.

3 *Wat.* He tells us true neighbour, we have bils indeed.

*Con.* For the ſecond, what is his office; I anſwer, hee may by vertue of his office reprehend anie perſon, or perſons that walke the ſtreetes too late at a ſeaſonable houre.

4 *Wat.* May wee indeed maſter Conſtable?

*Con.* Nay, if you meet any of thoſe rogues at ſeaſonable hours, you may by vertue of your office commit him to priſon, and then aske him whither he was going.

1 *Wat.* Why thats as much as my Lord Major does.

*Con.* True, my Lord Major can doe no more then you in that point.

2 *Wa.* But maſter Conſtable, what if he ſhould reſiſt us?

*Con.* Why if he doe reſiſt, you m y knock him downe, and then bid him ſtand, and come before the Conſtable. So now I thinke you are ſufficientlie enſtructed concerning your office, take your ſtands, you ſhall heare rogues walking

king at theſe ſeaſonable houres, I warrant you, ſtand cloſe.

Enter *Eugenio.*

*Eu.* Now doe I take as much care to be apprehended, as others doe to ſcape the watch, I muſt ſpeake to be overheard, and plainelie too, or elſe theſe dolts will never conceive mee.

*Con.* Hearke, who goes by?

*Eu.* Oh my conſcience, my conſcience, the terrour of a guiltie conſcience.

*Con.* How, conſcience talkes he of, he's an honeſt man I warrant him, let him paſſe.

2 *Wa.* I, I, let him paſſe, good night honeſt Gentleman.

*Eu.* Theſe are wiſe officers, I muſt be plainer yet. That Gold, that curſed Gold, that made mee poiſon him, made me poiſon *Eugenio.*

*Con.* How, made me poiſon him, he's a knave I warrant him.

3 *Wa.* M. Conſtable has found him already.

*Con.* I warrant you a knave cannot paſſe mee, goe reprehend him, Ile take his excommunication my ſelfe.

1 *Wa.* Come afore the Conſtable.

2 *Wa.* Come afore the Conſtable,

*Con.* Sirrah, ſirrah, you would have ſcap'd? would you, no ſirrah you ſhall know the Kings Officers have eyes to heare ſuch rogues as you, come ſirrah confeſſe who it was you poiſon'd, he lookes like a notable rogue.

1 *Wa.* I doe not like his lookes. 2 *Wa.* Nor I.

*Co.* You would deny it, would you ſirra? we ſhal ſift you.

*Eu.* Alas M. Conſtable I cannot now denie what I have ſaid you overheard me, I poiſond *Euge.* ſon to L. *Polimetes.*

1 *Wa.* Oh raſcall. 2 *Wa.* My young Landlord.

*Con.* Let him alone, the law ſhall puniſh him, but ſirra where did you poiſon him?

*Eu.* About a daies journey hence, as hee was comming home from Athens I met him, and poiſoned him.

*Con.* But ſirrah, who ſet you a worke? confeſſe, I ſhall find out the whole neſt of theſe rogues, ſpeake.

*Eu.* Count *Virro* hired me to doe it.

*Con.* Oh lying raſcall.

1 *Wa.* Nay he that will ſteale will lie.

2 *Wa.* Ile beleeve nothing he ſayes.

3 *Wa.* Belie a man of worſhip? 4 *Wa.* A noble man.

*Con.* Away with him, I'e heare no more, remit him to priſon; ſirrah, you ſhall heare of theſe things to morrow, where you would be loth to heare um, come lets go. *ex.*

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## Actus quintus.

Enter *Franklin*, *Shallow*, *Luce*, *Franciſco*, in a *Parſons* habit, and a true *Parſon* otherwiſe attired.

*Frank.* ILe take your counſell ſir, Ile not be ſeene in't, but meet you when tis done, youle marrie them?

*Franc.* Feare not that ſir, Ile doe the deed.

*Frank.* I ſhal reſt thankful to you, til then Ile leave you.

*Sha.* I pray father leave us, wee know how to behave our ſelves alone, mee thinkes *Luce* wee are too many by two yet.

*Luce.* You are merrie ſir. *exeunt.*

*Manet Franklin.*

*Frank.* Now they are ſure or never, poore *Franciſco*
Thou metſt thy match, when thou durſt undertake
To overreach me with tricks, where's now your *Sumner?*
Fore heaven I cannot but applaud my braine,
To take my daughter even againſt her will,
And great with child by another her ſhame publiſh'd,
She cited to the Court, and yet beſtow her
On ſuch a fortune as rich *Shallow* is,
Nay that which is the maſter-piece of all,
Make him beleeve tis his, though he nere touch'd her,
If men here met with croſſes in the world,
There were no difference twixt the wiſe and fooles,
But Ile goe meete um, when tis done, I feare not. *exit.*

Enter

Enter *Franciſco, Parſon, Shallow, Luce.*

*Franc.* Nay fret not now, you have been worſe abus'd, If you had married her, ſhe never lov'd you.

*Luce.* I ever ſcorn'd thy follie, and hated thee, though ſometimes afore my father I would make an Aſſe of thee.

*Shal.* Oh women, monſtrous women, little does her father know who has married her.

*Luce.* Yes, hee knowes the Parſon married mee, and you can witneſſe that.

*Franc.* And he ſhall know the Parſon will lye with her.

*Shal.* Well Parſon, I will bee reveng'd on all thy coate, I will not plough an Acre of ground for you to tythe, Ile rather paſture my neighbours cattel for nothing.

*Par.* Oh be more charitable ſir, bid God give um joy.

*Shal.* I care not greatelie if I doe, hee is not the firſt Parſon that has taken a Gentlemans leavings.

*Franc.* How meane you ſir?

*Sha.* You gueſſe my meaning, I hope to have good luck to horſe-fleſh now ſhee is a Parſons wife.

*Franc.* You have laine with her then ſir?

*Sha.* I cannot tell you that, but if you ſaw a woman with child without lying with a man, then perhaps I have not.

*Luce.* Impudent Coxcombe, dareſt thou ſay that ever thou layſt with mee, didſt thou ever ſo much as kiſſe my hand in private?

*Sha.* Theſe things muſt not be ſpoken of in companie.

*Luce.* Thou know'ſt I ever hated thee.

*Shal.* But when you were i'th good humour you would tell me another tale.

*Luce.* The foole is mad, by heaven my *Franciſco* I am wrong'd. *He diſcovers himſelfe.*

*Franc.* Then I muſt change my note, ſirrah unſay what you have ſpoken, ſweare here before the Parſon and my ſelfe you never touch'd her, or Ile cut thy throat, it is *Franciſco* threatens thee.

*Shal.* I am in a ſweet caſe, what ſhou'd I doe now? her father thinkes I have laine with her, if I deny it he'le have

a bout with me, if I ſay I have, this young rogue will cut my throate.

*Franc.* Come will you ſweare?

*Sha.* I would I were fairely off, I would loſe my wench with all my heart, I ſweare.

*Franc.* So, now thou art free from any imputation that his tongue can ſticke upon thee. Enter *Franklin.*

*Frank.* Well now I ſee tis done.

*Shal.* Here's one ſhall talke with you.

*Frank.* God give you joy ſonne *Shallow.*

*Franc* I thanke you father.

*Frank.* How's this, *Franciſco* in the Parſons habite?

*Franc.* I have married her as you bad mee ſir, but this was the truer Parſon of the two, he tied the knot, and this Gentleman is our witneſſe.

*Frank.* I am undone, ſtrumpet thou haſt betrayed thy ſelfe to beggerie, to ſhame beſides, and that in open Court, but take what thou haſt ſought, hang, beg, and ſtarve, Ile never pitty thee. *Luce.* Good ſir.

*Shal.* I told you what would come on't.

*Frank.* How did your wiſdome loſe her?

*Shal.* Eene as you ſee, I was beguil'd, and ſo were you.

*Frank.* *Franciſco* take her, thou feeſt the portion thou art like to have.

*Franc.* Tis ſuch a portion as will ever pleaſe me, but for her ſake be not unnaturall.

*Luce.* Doe not reject me father.

*Franc* But for the fault that ſhee muſt anſwer for, or ſhame ſhee ſhould endure in Court, behold her yet an untouch'd Virgin, Cuſhion come forth, here ſignior *Shallow*, take your child unto you, make much of it, it may prove as wiſe as the father. *He flings the Cuſhion at him.*

*Frank* This is more ſtrange then tother, ah *Luce*, wer't thou ſo ſubtle to deceive thy ſelfe, and me; well take thy fortune, tis thine owne choice.

*Franc.* Sir we can force no bountie from you, and therfore muſt reſt content with what your pleaſure is,

Enter

Enter *Euphues, Alphonſo.*

*Al.* Yonder he is my Lord, that's he in the Parſons habite, he is thus diſguis'd about the buſineſſe I told you of, *Lyſandro*, ſee your noble father.

*Eu.* Welcome my long loſt ſonne from all the ſtormes
Of frovvning fortune that thou haſt endur'd,
Into thy fathers armes.

*Luce.* Is my *Franciſco* noble?

*Frank.* Lord *Euphues* ſonne! I am amaz'd.

*Eup.* I heare *Lyſandro* that you are married.

*Franc.* Yes my Lord this is my Bride, the daughter and heire of this rich gentleman, twas only ſhee that when my ſtate was nothing, my poore ſelfe and parentage unknown vouchſafed to know, nay grace mee vvith her love, her conſtant love.

*Eup.* Such merite muſt not be forgot my ſonne,
Daughter much joy attend upon your choice.

*Franc.* Novv vvants but your conſent.

*Fran.* Which with a willing heart I do beſtow,
Pardon me vvorthie ſonne, I have ſo long
Beene hard to you, tvvas ignorance
Of vvhat you vvere, and care I tooke for her.

*Franc.* Your care needes no Apologie.

*Eup.* But novv *Lyſandro* I muſt make thee ſad.
Vpon thy vvedding day, and let thee knovv
There is no pure and uncompounded joy
Lent to mortality in depth of vvoe
Thou metſt the knovvledge of thy parentage,
Thy elder brother *Philocles* muſt die,
And in his tragedie our name and houſe
Had ſunk for ever, had not gratious heaven
Sent as a comfort to my childleſſe age
Thy long loſt ſelfe ſupporter of the name.

*Franc.* But can there be no meanes to ſave his life?

*Eup.* Alas there's none, the King has tane an oath
Never to pardon him, but ſince they ſay
His Majeſtie repents, and faine vvould ſave him.

*Franc.* Then am I wretched, like a man long blinde,
That comes at laſt to ſee the wiſht-for Sun,
But findes it in eclipſe, ſuch is my caſe,
To meet in this darke woe, my deareſt friends.
*Eup.* Had you not heard this newes before *Lyſandro?*
*Franc.* Yes ſir, and did lament,
As for a worthie ſtranger, but were knowne
My ſorrow ſtood ingag'd by ſuch a tye
As brotherhood, where may we ſee him ſir?
*Eup.* This morning hee's arraign'd, put off that habite you are in, and goe along with me, leave your friends here awhile.
*Franc.* Farewell father
Deare *Luce* till ſoone farewell, nought but ſo ſad
A chance could make me clowdy now. *exeunt.*
*Frank.* Well *Luce* thy choice has proov'd better then wee expected, but this cloud of griefe has dimm'd our mirth, but will I hope blow over, heaven grant it may. And ſignior *Shallow*, though you have miſs'd what my love meant you once, pray be my gueſt.
*Shal.* I thanke you ſir, Ile not be ſtrange. *exeunt*

Enter *King*, *Nicanor*.

*King.* *Nicanor*, I would find ſome privy place
Where I might ſtand unſeene, unknowne of any.
To heare th'arraignement of young *Philocles*.
*Ni.* The Iudges are now entring, pleaſe you ſir
Here to aſcend, you may both heare and ſee.
*King.* Well Ile goe up,
And like a jealous husband heare and ſee
That that will ſtrike me dead, am I a King
And cannot pardon ſuch a ſmall offence?
I cannot do't, nor am I *Ceſar* now,
Luſt has uncrown'd me, and my raſh tane oath
Has reft me of a Kings prerogative,
Come, come *Nicanor* helpe me to aſcend,
And ſee that fault that I want power to mend. *aſcendant.*

Enter

Enter 3 *Iudges*, *Virro*, *Polimetes*, *Euphues*, *Francisco*, *Leucothoe*, *Clermont*, *Reseio*.

1 *Iu.* Bring forth the Prisoner, where are the witnesses?

*Pol.* Here my Lords, I am the wrong'd party, and the fact my man here, besides the Officers that tooke them can justifie.

2 *Iu.* That's enough. Enter *Philocles with a guard*

1 *Iu.* *Philocles* stand to the Barre, and answer to such crimes as shall bee here objected against thy life.
Reade the Enditement.

*Phi.* Spare that labour,
I doe confesse the fact that I am charg'd with,
And speake as much as my accusers can,
As much as all the witnesses can prove,
Twas I that stole away the daughter and Heire
Of Lord *Polimetes*, which wer't to doe againe
Rather then lose her, I againe would venture,
This was the fact: your sentence honour'd fathers.

*Cler.* Tis brave and resolute.

1 *Iu.* A heavy sentence noble *Philocles*,
And such a one, as I could wish my selfe
Off from this place, some other might deliver,
You must dye for it, death is your sentence.

*Phi.* Which I embrace with willingnes, now my Lord
Is your hate glutted yet, or is my life (*to Polimetes.*
Too poore a sacrifice to appease the rancour
Of your inveterate malice, if it be so
Invent some scandall that may after blot
My reputation, father drie your teares,
Weepe not for me, my death shall leave no staine
Vpon your bloud, nor blot on your faire name:
The honour'd ashes of my Ancestours
May still rest quiet in their teare-wet Vrnes
For any fact of mine, I might have liv'd
If heaven had not prevented it, and found
Death for some foule dishonourable act.
Brother farewell, no sooner have I found *to Francisco.*

But

But I muſt leave thy wiſh'd-for company.
Farewell my deareſt love, live thou ſtill happy,
And may ſome one of more deſert then I,
Be bleſt in the enjoying what I loſe,
I need not wiſh him happineſſe that has thee,
For thou wilt bring it, may he prove as good
As thou art worthy.

*Len.* Deareſt *Philocles*,
There is no roome for any man but thee
Within this breſt, oh good my Lords
Be merciſull, condemne us both together
Our faults are both alike, why ſhould the law
Be partiall thus, and lay it all on him.

1 *In.* Lady, I would we could as lawfully
Save him as you, he ſhould not dye for this.

Enter *Conſtable leading Eugenio.*

How now, whoſe that you have brought there?

*Con.* A benefactor, and pleaſe your Lordſhips,
I reprehended him in my watch laſt night.

*Vir. Irus* is taken.

2 *In.* What's his offence? *Con.* Murder.

*Wat.* No M. Conſtable twas but poyſoning of a man.

*Con.* Goe thou art a foole.

*Vir.* I am undone for ever, all will out.

3 *In.* What proofes have you againſt him?

*Con.* His owne profeſſion if it pleaſe your honour.

3 *In.* And that's an ill profeſſion to be a murderer, thou meaneſt he has confeſt the fact.

*Con.* Yes my Lord, he cannot deny it.

1 *In.* Did hee not name the party who it was that hee had poyſoned? *Con.* Marry with reverence be it ſpoken, it was *Eugenio*, my Lord *Polimetes* his ſonne.

*Pol.* How's this!

1 *In.* Hee dy'd long ſince at *Athens*

*Pol.* I cannot tell what I ſhould thinke of it,
This is the man that lately brought me newes
My ſonne was living.

2 *Iu.* Fellow ſtand to the barre, thou hearſt thy accuſation, what canſt thou ſay?

*Euge.* Ah my good Lord,
I cannot now deny what I have ſaid,
This man oreheard me, as my bleeding heart
Was making a confeſsion of my crime.

*Co.* I told him and ſhall pleaſe your Lordſhips, the kings Officers had eyes to heare ſuch raſcalls.

1 *Iu.* You have beene carefull in your office Conſtable, You may now leave your priſoner.

*Con.* Ile leave the felon with your Lordſhip.

1 *Iu.* Farewel good Con. Murder I ſee will out. *ex. Con:* Why didſt thou poiſon him?

*Euge.* I was poore, and want made me be hir'd.

2 *Iu.* Hir'd, by whom?

*Euge.* By Count *Virro*, there he ſtands.

*Vir.* I doe beſeech your Lordſhips not to credite what this baſe fellow ſpeakes, I am innocent.

1 *Iu.* I doe beleeve you are, ſirrah ſpeake truth, You have not long to live.

*Euge.* Pleaſe it your Lordſhip I may relate the manner.

2 *Iu.* Doe.

*Euge.* *Eugenio* was alive, when firſt the newes
Was ſpead in Syracuſe that he was dead,
Which falſe report Count *Virro* creduing,
Became an earneſt ſuitor to his ſiſter.
Thinking her Heire, but finding afterwards
Her brother liv'd, and comming home
Not a daies journey hence, he ſent me to him,
And with a promiſe of five hundred crownes
Hir'd me to poiſon him, that this is true
Here's his owne hand to witneſſe it againſt him;
Pleaſe it your Lordſhips to peruſe the writing.

1 *Iu.* This is his hand.

2 *Iu.* Sure as I live, I have ſeene Warrants from him with juſt theſe characters.

3 *Iu.* Beſides me thinkes this fellowes tale is likely.

*Pol.* Tis too true,
This fellowes ſuddaine going from my houſe
Put me into a feare.
1 *Iu.* Count *Virro*, ſtand to the barre,
What can you ſay to cleare you of this murder?
*Vir.* Nothing my Lords, I muſt confeſſe the fact.
2 *Iu.* Why then againſt you both doe I pronounce
Sentence of death. *Amb.* The law is juſt.
*Pol.* Wretch that I am, is my diſſembled griefe
Turn'd to true ſorrow? were my acted teares
But prophecies of my enſuing woe,
And is he truely dead? oh pardon me
Deare Ghoſt of my *Eugenio*, twas my fault
That calld this haſty vengeance from the gods
And ſhortend thus thy life, for whil'ſt with trickes
I ſought to faſten wealth upon our houſe,
I brought a Canniball to be the grave
Of me and mine, bate, bloudy, murderous Count.
*Vir.* Vile Couſner, cheating Lord, diſſembler.
1 *Iu.* Peace, ſtop the mouth of malediction there,
This is no place to raile in.
*Eu.* Ye juſt powers,
That to the quality of mans offence
Shape your correcting rods, and puniſh there
Where he has ſinn'd, did not my bleeding heart
Beare ſuch a heavy ſhare in this daies woe,
I could with a free ſoule applaud your juſtice.
*Pol.* Lord *Euphues* and *Philocles* forgive me,
To make amends, I know's impoſsible,
For what my malice wrought; but I would faine
Doe ſomewhat that might teſtifie my griefe
And true repentance.
*Euge.* This is that I look'd for.
*Eup.* Y'are kind too late my Lord, had you beene thus
When need requir'd, y'had ſav'd your ſelfe and me,
Our hapleſſe ſonnes, but if your griefe be true,
I can forgive you heartily. *Phi.* And I.

*Eug.*

*Eug.* Now comes my pue, my Lord *Polimetes*,
Vnder correction let me aske one queſtion.
*Pol.* What queſtion? ſpeake.
*Eug.* If this young Lord ſhould live, would you beſtow
your daughter willingly upon him, would you my Lord?
*Pol.* As willingly as I would breath my ſelfe.
*Eug.* Then dry all your eyes,
There's no man here ſhall have a cauſe to weepe,
Your life is ſav'd, *Leucothoe* is no Heire, (*to Philocles.*
Her brother lives, and that cleares you Count *Virro*
Of your ſuppoſed murder. *All.* How, lives?
*Eug.* Yes lives to call thee brother *Philocles.*
*Leu.* Oh my deare brother. *He diſcovers himſelfe.*
*Pol.* My ſonne, welcome from death.
*Leu.* Pardon me good my Lord, that I thus long
Have from your knowledge kept my ſelfe conceal'd,
My end was honeſt.
*Pol.* I ſee it was,
And now ſonne *Philocles* give me thy hand,
Here take thy wife, ſhe loves thee I dare ſweare,
And for the wrong that I intended thee,
Her portion ſhall be double what I meant it.
*Phi.* I thanke your Lordſhip.
*Pol.* Brother *Euphues*,
I hope all enmity is now forgot
betwixt our houſes.
*Eup.* Let it be ever ſo, I doe imbrace your love.
*Vir.* Well, my life is ſav'd yet, though my wench beloſt,
God give you joy. *Phi.* Thankes good my Lord.
1 *In.* How ſuddenly this tragicke ſcæne is chang'd,
And turn'd to Comœdie. 2 *In.* Tis very ſtrange.
*Pol.* Let us conclude within. *The King ſpeakes*
*King.* Stay, and take my joy with you. *from above.*
*Eup.* His Majeſty is comming downe, let us attend.

Enter *King.*

*King.* Theſe jarres are well clos'd up, now *Philocles*,
What my raſh oath deny'd me, this bleſt houre

And happy accident has brought to paſſe
The ſaving of thy life.
*Phi.* A life my Liege,
That ſhall be ever ready to be ſpent
Vpon your ſervice.
*King.* Thankes good *Philoclet.*
But where's the man whoſe happy preſence brought
All this unlook'd-for ſport: where is *Eugenio?*
*Euge.* Here my dread Liege.
*King.* Welcome to Syracuſe,
Welcome *Eugenio*, prithee aske ſome boone
That may requite the good that thou haſt done.
*Eug.* I thanke your Majeſty, what I have done
Needes no requitall, but I have a ſute
Vnto Lord *Euphues*, pleaſe it your Majeſty
To be to him an interceſſor for me,
I make no queſtion but I ſhall obtaine.
*King.* What is it? ſpeake, it ſhall be granted thee.
*Euge.* That it would pleaſe him to beſtow on me
His Neece, the faire and vertuous Lady *Lada.*
*Eup.* With all my heart, I know twill pleaſe her well,
I have often heard her praiſe *Eugenio.*
It ſhall be done within.
*King.* Then here all ſtrife ends,
Ile be your gueſt my ſelfe to day, & helpe
To ſolemnize this double marriage.
*Pol.* Your royall preſence ſhall much honour us.
*King.* Then leade away, the happy knot you tye,
Concludes in love two houſes enmity.

FINIS.

# THE EPILOGVE.

*OVr Heire is fall'n from her inheritance;*
*But has obtain'd her love; you may advance*
*Her higher yet; and from your pleas'd hands give*
*A dowry, that will make her truely live.*